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WAGNER

By PETER LATHAM

II.—Wagner and Beethoven—Cadences and Counterpoint

I HOPE no one will feel disappointed at my having devoted so much of my last essay to the Wagnerian orchestra. The truth is that in Wagner's best works the music of the instruments is so much the most important part of the whole that it would be sheer affectation to refuse them the prominent place to which their significance entitles them. It is interesting to notice that in this aspect of his work Wagner is almost the exact antithesis of his great contemporary, Verdi. In an early Verdi opera, such as *Trovatore* or *Rigoletto*, the orchestral writing is often uninspiring, to say the least of it, and the task of sustaining the interest is left almost entirely to the singers. And though his later productions show in the instrumental treatment such an enormously increased power as often amounts to genius, he nevertheless continues to throw upon the voices the chief burden of dramatic expression. In so doing he was following the example of his great Italian predecessors, all of whom had

preferred to focus attention on the leading characters (who were also the solo singers) rather than distract their audience, as they would have put it, by elaborate orchestration or complex *ensembles*. This plan has its advantages and dramatic potentialities, as Verdi's own work shows, but it has seldom proved congenial to a German composer. Germany has never been a nation of great solo voices, as Italy has been, and for the highest expression of the German musical mind we must look, not to the *Aria*, but to the *Symphony*.* Even Mozart, that most Italian of German opera-writers, shows himself a genuine Teuton in this respect, his ingenious *ensembles*, extended *Finales*, and subtle orchestration being quite unlike anything in the productions of his Italian contemporaries. And when we come to study the development of German

* In this connexion it may possibly be relevant to point out that the *Chorale*, Germany's most typical contribution to purely vocal art, is essentially a concerted piece, even when it is sung in unison.

musical drama after Mozart we find the symphonic element growing ever more important until in Wagner's mature works it absorbs the whole opera, which becomes a vast "Tone-Poem" embellished with vocal parts and a stage setting.

His intense admiration for Beethoven and his natural tendency to work out his ideas on symphonic lines are probably sufficient in themselves to account for the characteristic shape that opera assumed under Wagner's hands; but it is at least a happy coincidence that other considerations should have led him in the same direction. With all his passionate pleading that "music-drama" should be regarded as the work of art *par excellence* he was very conscious of the difficulty confronting all opera-writers of giving an air of reality to a play in which the characters use song instead of speech as their natural mode of expression, and are accompanied by an orchestra whose place in the dramatic scheme it is not easy to justify. The only way of dealing with this problem was, he felt, to employ music without any interruption throughout his opera, putting it on the same footing as the inevitable and familiar conventions of the stage, and trusting to create by this means an illusion that would prove acceptable to the minds of his audience. But to achieve such an object as this it was not sufficient to abjure spoken dialogue (as hundreds of others had done before him) and break down the hard and fast divisions between *Aria*, *Recitative*, *Finale*, and the rest. The very use of such different vocal styles as we find in, let us say, Siegmund's song ("Winter storms have waned") in Act I. of *The Valkyrie*, Wotan's conversation with Brünnhilde in Act II., and the Valkyrie chorus in Act III., would have irretrievably destroyed the continuity had he not found in the purely musical device of symphonic development a means of enclosing all these diverse elements within the bounds of a single system. "It seemed feasible," he writes, "to realise my idea by leading the whole rich stream into which music had swollen under Beethoven into the channel of the musical drama." Let us examine the methods by which he put this ambitious project into execution.

The scheme that Beethoven adopted in his great symphonic movements is well known. He would select two or more "subjects," short, concise phrases, of the kind that are easily remembered, and on these he would erect his whole edifice, dissecting them, compressing them, expanding them, combining them, altering them in every conceivable way, and yet always preserving their identity. His genius appeared in the individuality of the subjects themselves and in the blend of artistic logic and inexhaustible imagination that attended their development. Anyone who wishes may easily test this for himself; the recording companies have not neglected Beethoven, and almost any of

his first movements will serve to illustrate his methods.

Wagner proceeds very similarly. He, too, begins by selecting "subjects," only as his opera is going to be much longer than any Beethoven movement he generally needs a larger number of such fundamental ideas to carry him through. It is worth while stopping for a moment to consider the nature of these *leit-motifs*, as musicians have agreed to call them. The plan of linking important musical phrases with vital elements in the play to which they belong is considerably older than Wagner. But where others had followed it fitfully and tentatively he adopts it whole-heartedly, taking enormous pains that the musical thought shall be one that is connected with its dramatic equivalent not merely artificially but inevitably, as a result of its own emotional character. Everybody who knows the operas must have recognised this "evocatory" quality in the *motifs* which are obviously and deliberately designed to satisfy a definite dramatic necessity. They are seldom heaven-sent, spontaneous melodies of the kind that Mozart loved to create, and indeed in their simplest form they frequently lack both melody and spontaneity. As one listens to the "Siegfried" *motif* or the wonderful theme with which the Prelude to *Tristan* begins one does not feel that these things flowed naturally and easily into Wagner's mind. One is conscious, rather, of a profound idea, dimly seen at first and hard to grasp, which only incessant labour and a gigantic effort have brought clearly into focus and stated in its irreducible, epigrammatic essence. In the case of Beethoven the note-books show us this process at work, with Wagner we divine it intuitively. But with both composers the result is the same: the intense effort of concentration has resulted in a cogency of expression that will bear the almost limitless expansion and development that are demanded of it.

Having created his raw material of *motifs* Wagner goes on to work it into shape, and here again the Beethoven parallel holds good. Sir Henry Hadow has pointed out how the first scene in *Tristan* is nothing but a "free fantasia" on the *motif* of the sailor's unaccompanied song heard at the rise of the curtain. Perhaps I may be allowed to mention two other lovely examples of the same kind of thing, Hans Sachs' monologue, "The elder's scent," the first part of which is wonderfully held together by the brief extract from Walther's song ("Now begin!") on which it is based; and the duet with Eva that immediately follows the monologue, where the exquisite variations on the "Eva" *motif* supply the firm foundation on which the free vocal declamation can rest without a trace of any lack of continuity.

No less remarkable is the new light that Wagner can throw upon an idea by some significant rhythmic

or harmonic change. It is from Beethoven once more that he has learned his lesson, but it must be remembered that whereas Beethoven was working in sound alone and was obliged to make himself intelligible by sheer musical logic, Wagner's audience has in the words of the play a valuable clue to the composer's thought, and he is therefore able to effect alterations even more daring than those of his predecessor, and at the same time to make some telling dramatic point. Thus at the end of the first scene of *The Rhinegold* the sinister "Ring" motif is transformed by a change of harmony into the noble theme of "Valhalla," and the close relationship between these two suggests to us the coming struggle for supremacy between the mighty forces for which they stand. At the beginning of the same work the waters of the Rhine are represented by a rising phrase in the major key; turn this into the minor and we have the motif of Erda, the goddess of all the elemental forces of nature. Most beautiful of all, perhaps, is the conversion of the yearning, passionate motif, with which the Prelude to *Tristan* opens, into the dark, restless despair of the Introduction to the Third Act.

In all this we see Wagner skilfully adapting for his own operatic purposes the system that Beethoven had evolved and applied to his instrumental works. Sometimes, however, it appears as if the symphonic bias of his mind is so strong as to get the better of his judgement and to lead him along musical paths that the dramatist in him can only have followed with some hesitation. Mr. Ernest Newman, in *Wagner as man and artist*, quotes several instances where motifs have been perverted from their initial uses and employed to describe something that we can only by considerable intellectual effort connect with their original signification. But there is one notable case to which he does not refer, so far as I remember, and which always puzzled me until a friend suggested what I feel sure is the true explanation. The fine phrase that is so magnificently worked up at the end of Brünnhilde's great monologue in the Third Act of *The Dusk of the Gods* occurs in precisely the same form once and once only in the earlier pages of *The Ring*, when Sieglinde sings it (in the Third Act of *The Valkyrie*) to the words "O radiant wonder! Glorious maid!" addressed to Brünnhilde, who has just foretold to her the birth of Siegfried. It is a far cry from this scene to Brünnhilde's last ecstatic apostrophe to the lover she is going to greet in death, and though the commentators have not failed to establish some sort of connexion between the two passages, yet it is not easy to understand on purely dramatic grounds why this theme should have been used here in preference to a dozen others that would have fitted the situation just as well or even better. But if we attribute Wagner's choice mainly to his desire as a symphonist to exploit the full possibilities

of his musical material the difficulty disappears. All the alternative motifs that he might have employed had already been treated so exhaustively that he may well have felt that even he could get nothing much more from them. But here was an idea that had been suffering from arrested development ever since that brief moment of vigorous life in *The Valkyrie*. What more natural than that, realising its potentialities, he should want to bring them to fruition? The monologue in *The Dusk of the Gods* provided him with an opportunity and, pausing only to reassure himself that no actual contradiction was involved by the use of this particular strain in such a context, he availed himself of it with the superb result that we all know. Judged by the standard of his own theories this passage appears to me to be open to serious criticism. But his musical instinct, disdaining all standards but its own, insisted that this was the way to bring the mighty symphony of *The Ring* another step, and that almost the last, towards its stupendous fulfilment—and for once Wagner the dramatist submitted.

And yet, with all his admiration, all his natural sympathy for Beethoven, he had far too strong an individuality to be influenced by his model against his better judgment, and there is one difference in particular between a Beethoven symphony and a work like *Tristan* that cannot fail to strike even a casual listener. The earlier composer, adopting for the most part the style prevalent in his time, is wont to dispose his music in a succession of sharply defined periods, each ending in a cadence. That this *style carré*, as the French call it, has a charm of its own no one with a knowledge of Mozart will deny, but in the hands of any but the greatest writers it is apt to degenerate into a monotonous series of four-bar phrases, to the vast detriment of any rhythmical impetus the music may have. Beethoven was well aware of the tyranny of the four-bar phrase and was ever on the alert to supply the variety that all art demands by hastening or delaying the ends of his periods at suitable moments. But even so, sooner or later the cadence had to come, and towards the end of his life he seems to have felt that these pauses for breath interfered with the free progress of his thought. Possibly we have here a clue to those curious excursions into counterpoint that are such a remarkable feature of his last period; they may well represent a desperate attempt to achieve continuity by a recourse to polyphony after he had failed to reach it by means of harmony alone. But however that may be, his comparative weakness as a contrapuntist and his death prevented his experiments from yielding conclusive results, and it was left to Wagner to complete this aspect of his work.

Wagner's earlier music, curiously enough, gives few indications of what was to come, and many

writers have noted the rhythmic "squareness" that disfigures even such a relatively late work as *Lohengrin*. But with the *Rhinegold* he has shaken off the shackles and henceforth he moves with ever-increasing freedom till at last he creates in the *Preislied* a beautiful and conspicuous monument to his rhythmical emancipation. I mention the *Preislied* on account of its universal popularity, but those great, sweeping phrases that make of this song the masterpiece it is are to be found freely scattered over all the work of the composer's maturity.

And yet the breadth and flexibility of Wagner's phrasing, though it accounts for much of the variety and strength of his best music, does not represent a new departure in art. It does not, in fact, take us any further than Beethoven, who could write a long phrase as well as any man. What was needed was a means of avoiding the cadence, the inevitable end of all phrases long or short, and it was by his success in finding such a means and in applying it that Wagner achieved a real step forward.

One of the most significant features of musical development in the first half of the nineteenth century was the steadily increasing interest that was taken in counterpoint. Beethoven's efforts in this direction and the gradual discovery of the greatness of Bach led Mendelssohn to write Fugues and Schumann to fashion a new style of romantic part-writing suited to his own peculiar needs. Schumann, indeed, is the first composer since Bach for whom we feel that polyphony was the normal type of musical expression, and the texture of his work is often reminiscent of Wagner. But Wagner combined Schumann's contrapuntal facility with a power of continuous, logical thought that the earlier composer lacked. Writing naturally in a number of simultaneous and independent parts he was able by the use of interlacing and overlapping phrases in the various orchestral voices to make his music flow on, without check or interruption, for as long as it pleased him. Cadences there still were in the individual parts, but they were no longer objectionable. As one instrument began sinking to its rest another would already be pressing forward with a new and vigorous phrase, to be succeeded in its turn by a third, each one carrying the thought a little further; and the process could be continued indefinitely.

A lesser man might have carried this method of writing too far; but Wagner knew how quickly a ceaseless stream of counterpoint tires the ear of the listener and he was careful to vary his style. At one moment the elaborate part-writing will give place to a succession of simple harmonies, at another the orchestra will stop altogether, allowing a singer to declaim some effective, dramatic phrase in a void

of silence filled only by an occasional *staccato* chord. Even the cadence itself is not despised and becomes a valuable servant to the man who has mastered it. How enormously telling is that full Italian cadence in *Siegfried* when the voices of the hero and Brünnhilde, blended for the first time, unite to celebrate the joy of their meeting! Here the sense of complete finality that the passage conveys is largely due to there having been nothing else of the sort previously throughout the whole opera. This, we feel, is the culmination we have been waiting for, the fulfilment towards which the lives of both characters have been progressing ever since we first met with them.

But the occasions on which such treatment as this is appropriate are very rare. Much more often it is an interrupted cadence that Wagner gives us, the music having all the appearance of settling down to rest and then at the last moment being propelled in a new direction by a sudden and unexpected harmony. It must be admitted that he is a little too fond of this device, which often reminds me of the undignified exhibition given by one in whose chair a drawing-pin has been judiciously placed by some would-be humourist. Even so it is perhaps no worse than the full cadence of other composers, with its equally absurd suggestion of the motor-car that keeps stopping every few hundred yards. And it can be supremely effective. The greatest interrupted cadence in all music is probably that at the end of the love duet in *Tristan*. As the long rapture approaches its climax the excitement increases, the turmoil in the orchestra waxes wilder, and the voices rise higher and higher till at last with a great, glad cry the lovers fling themselves into one another's arms. But at that very moment disaster overtakes them. Instead of the anticipated final harmony our ears are assailed by a violent discord; Brangäne on the tower gives a terrified shriek, Kurwenal rushes in with a warning that comes all too late, and in a twinkling the stage is filled by Marke and his men. It is an interrupted cadence in more senses than the musical, and it is a thousand pities that the inexorable limitations of a twelve-inch disc compel the only record of the love-scene that I know to end with the one chord that Wagner took such pains to avoid!

I have written at length on the subject of Wagner and his music because it seemed to me that the subject was one in which readers of THE GRAMOPHONE would be interested. If it be imputed against me that I have carefully refrained from any reference to particular records I must admit the charge and plead for forbearance. Perhaps my next article, which will be exclusively devoted to Wagner and the gramophone, will do something to make amends.

PETER LATHAM.

THE GRAMOPHONE AND THE SINGER

(Continued)

By HERMAN KLEIN

The Opera Season: the Handel Festival

CHALIAPIN was here and gone again almost before we knew it. He stayed just long enough to show London that he was still a great opera singer, to replenish his wardrobe before sailing for the Antipodes, and to pay a visit to the H.M.V. offices in Oxford Street for the purpose of talking over records and royalties. He accepted no social engagements worth speaking of, and, when I tried to secure him as our guest at the annual dinner of the Critics' Circle, he politely assured me that there was no chance of his coming, as it fell on the Sunday between his appearances in *Il Barbiere* and *Mefistofele* (second performance), and he was going out of town to make it a genuine day of rest. Would he come back next year? He could not say definitely, but he might. At any rate, he wanted to, if it was possible.

Certainly his reception here was flattering enough to make him anxious to return. I do not pretend to know exactly what fee—*cachet* is the proper word—he was paid for his three performances, but I do know that the house was sold out for each at something like double prices, and that consequently there must have been a substantial profit for the Syndicate on the engagement. (Incidentally, if Chaliapin is not too extravagant in Savile Row and the Rue de la Paix he ought to retire a wealthy man.) But, truth to tell, Covent Garden has been filled to overflowing nearly every night this season, and the financial success will probably be the biggest there has been since the days of Augustus Harris. The *Barbiere* performance (on May 28th) was described by more than one critic as remarkable for the excellence of the acting rather than the singing. On the whole I consider that a just verdict; for, anxious as I am not to be playing for ever the part of *laudator temporis acti*, I cannot help admitting that I have heard the three principal singing parts better rendered at this house, not once, but dozens of times. I preferred Toti dal Monte, the *soprano leggero* of last year, to Mercedès Capsir, the Rosina of the present occasion. The latter's voice is a most unequal organ, with pleasing moments, much agility, and a really pretty staccato, as against other moments of positive shrillness and a timbre as hard as steel. Her *Una voce* was extremely clever, but without true charm or the smallest appreciation of its comic significance; and in the duet, *Dunque io son*, she was no less mechanical, studied, and conventional. She made, however, a graceful stage

picture, and smiled archly behind her Spanish fan. The Almaviva, Mr. Charles Hackett, sang as an American tenor of experience might be expected to—with the assurance and competence of an artist who has learnt his part well. But, unlike his Roméo, it did naught to captivate the ear. Ernesto Badini was too heavy and noisy for an ideal Figaro. Excellent actor and satisfactory singer in rôles that suit him, he was not honestly entitled this time to many of the superlatives that critics of short memory bestowed upon him. Battistini and Titta Ruffo, to name no others, can show us even now that *Largo al factotum* may—nay, should—be sung with lightness and *finesse* as well as alertness and dash.

Apart from Chaliapin's adroit management of the wonderful crescendo in *La Calunnia*, his Don Basilio presented no vocal features of particular interest; indeed, the part is almost without any. But what a conception or, rather, what a development of the traditional concept of a quaint comic character! At the back of it I could see plainly enough the impression created by Edouard de Reszke as the same personage—the tall gaunt figure, the long-striding, gawky music-teacher imagined by Beaumarchais in his immortal comedy—sly, cunning, subtle, yet apparently stupid, always open to a bribe. There was nothing that gesture, facial expression, exaggerated make-up could do to realise these characteristics that the gifted Russian left undone; all his "business" was quite amazingly clever, yet so artistic and natural that it never introduced a false note even when it lifted Basilio to a prominence that he never enjoyed in this opera before. So much can a great artist achieve without detriment to the balance or the consistency of a dramatic ensemble. His treatment of the famous exit after the "Buona sera" was entirely new. He is supposed to go out, then return, repeat the "buona sera," and finally depart. Instead of this, Chaliapin quietly remains in the room unperceived by the others and, sitting down behind the door, begins humming a note like the buzzing of a drone. Naturally the noise suffices to interrupt Figaro once more in his attempt to shave Don Bartolo, until eventually they discover the cause and expel the miserable intruder with the *reprise* of the "Presto al letto" that Rossini provided to end up the joke.

Vincenzo Bellezza strikes me as being one of the best Italian conductors of recent years. His

dynamic control is a blessing for the singers as well as for those who listen to them. There were some points in *Mefistofele* which differed from the composer's own reading, but they were not serious; and he brought out strongly all the salient features which made this opera sound so original and striking when it first came out. It sounds so still in my opinion, and mild attempts to belittle it are really misplaced. Together with *La Gioconda* it forms the main basis of the whole modern Italian school. Verdi, of course, stands in a temple of his own and has many worshippers, but few imitators capable of reproducing his later methods, which were those of a consummate genius. The revival of *Mefistofele* was worth while, therefore, not for the sake of Chaliapin alone—and dramatically his portrayal of its Satanic central figure was of unique if repellent grandeur—but because the opera has qualities of enduring interest and strength. The other chief singers, Bianca Scacciati and Francesco Merli, were neither better nor worse than their records had led me to expect.

Of greater interest, though, in a purely vocal sense, was the revival of *Otello* on June 1st. To begin with, it served for the eagerly-awaited début of Mariano Stabile, the young baritone who has lately been arousing to an unwonted heat of *fanatismo* the exacting audiences of La Scala. Well, I can now understand their enthusiasm. Stabile only requires more experience to become a very great artist; for, apart from youth, good looks, height, intelligence, alertness of gesture, and nobility of feature, he possesses a baritone voice that is round, powerful, steady, and of a fine resonant quality. He has been well trained and has mastered the part of Iago sufficiently to invest it with the necessary picturesque force, albeit I imagine that Shakespeare intended his arch-villain to be a man of maturer years. In the great scene with Otello in Act II. Stabile displayed a subtlety and variety of tone-colour more remarkable than the actual volume of his voice, which seemed to need greater amplitude for things like the *Credo* or the *Brindisi* of the opening act. Still, his power sufficed to give effect to the music and adequate support to the Otello of Giovanni Zenatello, whom I have frequently heard in this rôle and am glad to find still fairly in possession of the resources that brought him fame 20 years ago. The tone does not invariably ring so true and clear as of yore, but his declamation, like his acting, remains superb. Only one objection have I to offer regarding Zenatello's Otello, and that is that he gives the Moor a mottled complexion of *rouge et noir* which I am convinced no Venetian *grande dame* would ever have looked upon with favour. That illustrious actor, Salvini, knew better than to make Otello an ugly blackamoor. It was not for such a specimen that Desdemona told the Doge she "perceived a divided duty" as between father and husband.

And this brings me to Lotte Lehmann's exquisite delineation of the gentlest and most persistent of wives, the sweet generous lady whose anxiety for the welfare of Cassio proves her downfall and destruction. I may have seen in this opera a Desdemona as sweet and as gentle; but never before have I heard a singer of Verdi's music so ideally perfect, so completely and utterly satisfying. Individual comparisons with other Desdemonas would be uncalled for, even untimely; but it is as I say—and I have heard nearly all of them—the performance of Lotte Lehmann will remain a fragrant and delicious memory. The *Salce* may have been as beautifully sung by Albani, by Melba, by Emma Eames at their best; I assert naught to the contrary. But the *Salce* is not everything, nor are the duets with Otello beyond the easy reach of sopranos such as these. It was in that most difficult scene of all, the elaborate ensemble that follows after the Moor has struck Desdemona before his whole court—it was in this trying episode that Lotte Lehmann did so magnificently both as singer and actress, that she rose to heights never attained here before, at least in my experience. Taken altogether, the representation was an admirable one, conferring an added prestige upon Vincenzo Bellezza and his forces, and therefore upon the present Covent Garden management.

With the *reprise* of *Don Giovanni* on June 7th, after an interval of twelve years, I must confess to have been ever so little disappointed. Perhaps I expected too much; perhaps those troublesome recollections of past glories would come urging me to comparisons again. Anyhow I will dwell lightly upon the shortcomings because I think many of them were attributable to lack of a few more rehearsals, and even the inclusion of the final quintet, which converts the opera from a tragedy into a comic opera, was duly accomplished at a later performance. Why a conductor so reasonable and full of common-sense as Bruno Walter, whose tempi are exactly what they ought to be, should have refused to make a single cut and then insisted on leaving out Elvira's fine aria *Mi tradi*—merely because Mozart added it to the score *after* the first performance at Prague—was an instance of puritanical pedantry that passed my comprehension. I wanted so much to hear it sung by Lotte Lehmann, for with it she would have completed one of the most satisfying embodiments of Donna Elvira that has been heard in recent years. I enjoyed it even more than Frida Leider's Donna Anna, whose dramatic qualities were for once on a higher plane than her vocal artistry—notably as to *Non mi dir*, where her phrasing and *coloratura* left just a little to be desired. The Zerlina of Elisabeth Schumann suggested the *deutsches Mädel* rather than the Spanish peasant-girl, but her singing was neatness itself. I was told that these three ladies were

all singing their parts in Italian for the first time.

I can well imagine that with further experience Mariano Stabile will be able to give us a magnificent Don Giovanni. Even now he is well above the average. His manner of making love is engaging, impulsive, even fascinating, and he cuts a handsome figure in doublet and hose; but he does not yet sing Mozart with the same elegance that he acts. In time, though, I think he will. Fritz Krauss is too throaty to be more than a passable Don Ottavio; and I did not grieve over the excision of *Dalla sua pace*. I failed to discover in Jean Aquistapace's Leporello the amount of humour that some other writers did, but he has a good voice and uses it well.

Melba's "Farewell to Covent Garden" (on June 8th) was of necessity a sad and touching occasion, with not a note of joy, except the wealth of lovely flowers and the eager cheering at the close, to relieve an atmosphere of unmitigated gloom. The King and Queen, by their gracious presence, only emphasised the sense of almost national loss at this parting from the singer who for forty years has been the acknowledged representative of our far-flung Empire in the world of operatic art. Who could help feeling sorrowful now that the moment had arrived to say good-bye to Melba? I, for one, was bound to feel it keenly, since I had witnessed her début on these same boards and her triumphs from first to last, in other lands besides our own, always excepting those she won in the country of her birth. She sang wonderfully still, with the old *voix d'argent* bright, silvery, clear as ever, especially in the Balcony Scene from *Roméo et Juliette*, which began the programme. It brought back instant memories of the first time she sang it with Jean de Reszke thirty-seven years ago—a well-nigh miraculous instance of perfect tone-preservation, wherein the bright voice and refined singing of Mr. Charles Hackett now helped her to keep up the illusion of eternal youth. Why, you ask again, should such an artist have to bid us farewell? The answer to that question came before the end of the evening. It is the lack of vocal stamina, the inability to last out against the strain of long operas that is the conclusive test in these cases. As it was, Dame Melba did exceptionally well to sing with so much freedom and fullness of volume in the scene from *Otello*; indeed, she has never sung the *Salce* better, save perhaps as to the A flat at the end of the *Ave Maria*. But the last two acts of *La Bohème* proved rather trying, even though genuine feeling and expression in every phrase made up largely for declining strength and ring in the carrying-power of the voice. It seemed all too appropriate when Mimi's notes died away into silence. Still, happily the word *finis* has not yet been written. Melba's incomparable voice will be heard again, I am sure, at other "farewells" besides this and the Albert Hall.

Jeritza continues to be a safe draw. She followed up a sensational *rentrée* as Sieglinde with a no less sensational appearance as Thaïs. She is the greatest melodramatic opera-singer of our time; only she does not make your blood run cold; quite the reverse. For sheer physical loveliness her portrayal of the Alexandrian courtesan has never been approached, and neither Mary Garden nor Louise Edvina ever imagined that teetotum spin with the back fall at the conclusion of the second scene with Athanaël. I don't think Sybil Sanderson, the original, ever did anything like it, or that she, more than the others, sang the air with the mirror, *Dites-moi que je suis belle*, in an entirely recumbent attitude, stretched upon a kind of high pink velvet catafalque (you could hardly call it a sofa) in a diaphanous crimson robe with a vast train of cloth of gold covering it—the catafalque, not the recumbent figure—with its glistening folds. So much for that. Nor is the rich, warm timbre of Jeritza's voice or her ability and resourcefulness as a singer to be gainsaid any more this year than it was last. Her tones may not electrify or haunt the spectator as the picture does, but at least she always rises to the occasion. She was well supported in *Thaïs* by an impressive Athanaël, new to London, in Tilken Servais and a tuneful Nicias in Alfred Legrand, both French artists with capital voices. Massenet's opera was conducted by Vincenzo Belezza.

Again, in Wolf-Ferrari's opera, *I Gioielli della Madonna*, we had another striking display of Maria Jeritza's histrionic powers, in conjunction with just so much effective singing as the rôle of Maliella allows scope for. The quality of her voice at its finest undeniably gives pleasure to the listener, and saying this reminds me that I may congratulate H.M.V. on having completed contracts last month, not only with Jeritza, but with another popular Covent Garden artist in Elisabeth Schumann. The cast of *I Gioielli* was efficient, without bearing comparison (bar the Maliella) with that of 1912, when Martinelli and Sammarco were in it. Giuseppe Noto as Rafaele proved only a moderate substitute for the latter; while Francesco Merli sang agreeably as the unhappy youth who steals the Madonna's jewels.

A triumph of French art was achieved in Massenet's *Manon* by Fanny Heldy and Fernand Anseau. Such superb singing by artists of the Paris Opera has not been heard in London for many years. The soprano is young, comely and an accomplished artist; her voice of clear, ringing quality and delightfully even throughout. That Anseau has improved immensely both as a singer and an actor is as much a matter of congratulation for the public as for himself. He is now one of the world's few really great tenors. The duet in the St. Sulpice scene was gloriously sung, and roused the house to veritable enthusiasm.

THE HANDEL FESTIVAL.

It would be interesting to make lengthy comparisons between the first Handel Festival which I attended as a youthful critic, in 1874, and that of last month; but, for reasons of space, I must resist the temptation. I will say only this: the choral singing as a whole has improved; the orchestra is of far finer quality; but the soloists do not, either individually or collectively, stand in the same category. As regards the last item the very names will be sufficient evidence; in 1874 I heard in the centre transept of the Crystal Palace Tietjens, Sinico, Lemmens-Sherrington, Trebelli, Patey, Sims Reeves, Edward Lloyd, Cummings, Vernon Rigby, Foli, and Santley. Such a list could not, of course, be equalled to-day anyhow—not for a million of money. One's sole compensation lies in the thought that it is not, after all, the solo singing which forms the primary attraction of this great triennial event, but the choir—the magnificent concatenation of thrilling choral effects which you can procure under no other conditions, and therefore nowhere else in the world. So once more, drawbacks notwithstanding, I enjoyed the Festival immensely—as indeed, any genuine adorer of Handel, celebrating his “jubilee” thereat, as did the Earl of Balfour and my humble self, was more or less bound to.

The Handel Festival has had four conductors—viz., Sir Michael Costa, Sir August Manns, Sir Frederic Cowen, and, lastly, Sir Henry Wood. Their methods have all differed according to their respective natures and temperaments, and, after Costa had accomplished the spade work with an ability and masterfulness never to be ignored, the others, each in turn, has tried to introduce improvements with more or less successful results. Sir Henry Wood has carried his reforms even farther than Manns and Cowen, and obtained a much better balance between the choir and the orchestra. On the other hand, in the endeavour to assert his individuality he has, in my opinion, unduly interfered with the tempi of Handel's music in choruses like those of the *Messiah* and *Israel in Egypt*; he has sought to quicken the pace wherever there was a chance, though frequently at the cost of clearness and steadiness; he has tried to prove that you can move mountains and armies with the same facility that you can shift sand-dunes and platoons. His efforts to improve the enunciation of the words, the accuracy and unanimity of rhythm, the truth and beauty of expression, have deserved great credit, but in the end they have achieved results little in advance of those attained by his predecessors. The colossal grandeur and noble breadth of the rendering of those old Handelian choruses to the ample swing of Costa's beat has never been surpassed, and I fancy never will be.

It was, of course, a feather in Sir Henry Wood's cap that he should have contrived to furnish some

interesting novelties to add to the attraction of the miscellaneous selection on June 8th, the opening day of the Festival. The old “Selection Day” used to come between the *Messiah* (Monday) and *Israel in Egypt* (Friday); but that arrangement had outlived its utility and the present plan proved in every way more convenient, offering as it did two Saturday afternoon and two evening concerts. It also deserved a far larger measure of patronage on the part of music-lovers generally; but, owing to the stupid clash of other musical events in the same week and the adverse condition of affairs still troubling the country, there was no lack of excuse for keeping away. The fresh choral items above referred to were culled from five of Handel's least-known operas, viz., *Admeto*, *Rinaldo*, *Deidamia*, *Lotario*, and *Atalanta*; and delightfully tuneful and full of grace, charm, and ingenuity they proved. Sir Henry Wood was responsible for arranging them, and took especial pains to get them sung and played in a manner that was practically faultless. The orchestral pieces were better chosen than the organ concerto (executed by M. Marcel Dupré), which was not one of Handel's most inspired examples of the kind. The vocal soloists were Miss Carrie Tubb, Miss Margaret Balfour, Mr. Walter Widdop, and Mr. Robert Radford, while the organ accompaniments were safe in the experienced hands of Mr. Walter W. Hedgcock.

The *pièce de resistance* of the Festival, *Israel in Egypt*, which used to come on the concluding day, was now combined with a second selection on the Thursday. It was in the choruses descriptive of the plagues and the great double choruses, *The Lord shall reign* and *Sing ye to the Lord*, that the best work was done. Whatever improvements had been wrought, through Sir Henry Wood's satirical scolding and the choir's increased familiarity with his intentions, became apparent in these inspired numbers, the result being a memorable treat for those who listened. In imitation of the Albert Hall practice, the duet “The Lord is a man of war” was sung by the first and second basses of the choir. The solos were effectively rendered by Miss Florence Austral, Miss Muriel Brunskill, Mr. Ben Davies, and Mr. Norman Allin.

A noble performance of the *Messiah* brought the gathering to a worthy termination. The wisdom of giving it on the last day was demonstrated by the supreme excellence of the choral work, which betrayed no symptom of fatigue, but, on the contrary, increased power and all the benefit consequent upon so much practice together. Everyone worked hard, not least of all, of course, Sir Henry Wood, who concluded his heavy task amid thunders of applause, shared with the admirable solo artists, Miss Flora Woodman, Miss Margaret Balfour, Mr. Joseph Hislop, and Mr. Horace Stevens. Artistically the Festival was quite a success. HERMAN KLEIN.

THE CHILD & THE GRAMOPHONE

(Continued)

By GEOFFREY M. BOUMPHREY

NEXT in importance to memory, and closely associated with it, we come to the question of rhythm and the rhythmic shape of a tune. On almost every mind rhythm makes a deeper impression than melody—harmony and counterpoint are but “also-rans.” Much primitive music is almost wholly rhythmic, and some African tribes have reached a stage undreamed of by Stravinsky. There is the nice story of the big-game hunter who returned to his camp to find a strange drummer busily tom-tomming away while every man in it, and the entire population of the native village near by, were wreathed in broad if rather shame-faced smiles. After great difficulty, he managed to extort the explanation from his servant: the stranger was broadcasting a new story—very much of the smoking-room school—to the entire countryside. How would not the B.B.C. like to do the same with the latest from the Stock Exchange!

I shall not be accused of excessive originality if I say that the mind of a child is much akin to that of a savage; and it is by exploiting the inborn appeal of rhythm that we can most easily influence a child's musical development. Conversely, it is in this question of rhythm that we shall find one of the principal stumbling-blocks in the way of the plain, unmusical man, although he will probably maintain that he doesn't care two hoots about rhythm or about the shape of a tune either: he knows a good tune when he hears one and that's all he wants—as for this high-brow stuff, it hasn't got a decent tune in it from start to finish. Half his trouble we have analysed already: the tunes are too long for his feeble memory—or *too unexpected*. In these last two words we find most of the other half: the tunes don't go with the sort of beat he expects—the accents are unexpected, the phrases wrong; they don't even end where he expects them to. The reason for this is that almost all the music he has heard is built up in multiples of four bars—generally sixteen or thirty-two. Hymns, popular songs, dance tunes, almost all are on the same plan (although among the two last there has been of late a very welcome increase of variety both in rhythm and harmony). As a result he has formed the habit of anticipating the shape of his chickens before they are hatched—which may be all right with eggs, but certainly won't do in unfamiliar music, since he is pulled up with a jolt every time anything unexpected happens.

In learning the excellent art of ski-ing one is given a piece of advice that seems, at first, against

all nature and is, consequently, hard to follow. It is that, when running at any speed, if you are suddenly confronted by some unexpected obstacle such as a deepish ditch or hollow—as you often are—you should hurl yourself at it, with the result that you find yourself emerging safely from the crisis with pride, increased speed, and—pretty literally—that Kruschen feeling. If, on the other hand, you allow your natural instincts to rule you, the worst happens, and there ensues yet another game of sublimated spillikens in the snow. It is so with music. If, in listening to the unfamiliar, you suddenly find that the length of a phrase is being changed, or if—in modern music especially—an odd bar suddenly develops an extra beat and upsets your unconscious counting, don't jib at it; swing forward with it, and you will probably find that it is that very eccentricity which endears the piece to you when you know it better.

Now then, where are you people who dislike late Wagner? Pitying, with an amused smile, the poor plain man we have been discussing? Yet it is all Heckmondwyke to a hayseed that your own trouble is much the same! You see, most of Wagner's tunes never end at all—or at any rate, not for an hour or two. His use of the perfect cadence (the musical equivalent of a full stop) is amazingly sparing. In his most mature works he reserves it almost exclusively for the ends of scenes or acts. This needs getting used to. Yet, fortified by the fact that you can listen with joy to a Mozart or early Beethoven quartet (chamber music—you know—the most subtle and difficult to appreciate of *all* music!), you feel that late Wagner has no beauties for you—probably through Wagner's own fault. After all, he wasn't quite . . . and his habits with his friends' wives! For you I recommend a course of madrigals and the like (the English Singers blend bearably on the new H.M.V., which is more than they did before) until you can listen to music as you would watch a river flowing past, without wanting it canalised and provided with locks at regular intervals. After that the *Siegfried Idyll*, followed by increasing doses of *Meistersinger* and *Valkyrie*.

As for the child, give it plenty of music of varied measure, that it may not form the habit of calibrating all it hears. There is plenty of good, tuneful stuff from the sixteenth century to the present day. As an example of the latter: Holst's *Uranus*, which has several pleasantly varied bar-lengths; 4/4, 6/4, 9/4 and so on. It is much appreciated by my

own small boy of six, who is far removed from being a musical prodigy in appreciation or anything else. While we are here let me add that I find the provision of a story—even though it be not “programme music”—of the greatest help in securing a child’s fitful attention, and I do not see that it is to be deprecated as a means to an end. We have a wonderful story about *Uranus*, which always attracts; how the wizard summons a lot of elves and sprites, and of the little goblin who gets left behind and scuttles about piping shrilly after all the others have been dismissed. *Petrouschka*, too, is a favourite, and is packed full of wonderful rhythms.

Do not be afraid of trying on a child music that may seem beyond the taste of many adults; after all, a child has not had time to form the *idées fixes* that clog the perception of the latter. On the other hand, a child cannot stand dullness. I find great difficulty in securing attention to anything which lacks both story and bright tone-colour, unless it has considerable movement. Most chamber music, for instance, fails. There is a movement in the Brahms *Sextet Op. 18* (N.G.S.) which always goes down well because it reminds us of the village hand-bell ringers who play for us on New Year’s Eve; also the “Plonk! Plonk!” movement from the Debussy Quartet, because it is a jolly noise; but the bulk of this music will have to wait. It must be remembered that the actual noise of a string quartet is very much an acquired taste with most people; it is, as it were, the dry wine of music. Even Tchaikovsky did not acquire the taste until very late in life. So do not despair, O Plain Man, and label yourself unmusical if it all sounds unutterably dreary to you. When you have found the full charm of more highly coloured threads of sound you will come naturally to the quiet austerity of this weave.

Most of the remarks that have just been offered on the subject of rhythm apply with equal point to the problems of melody and harmony. For the child, the provision of a wide experience of rhythms will have included, *ipso facto*, a sufficient variety of the other two to prevent the formation of narrow standards of judgment. The plain man, too, will find that the improvement of his memory and the widening of his sense of rhythm will have made the wilderness blossom like a rose where the finding of good tunes is concerned. It is for him to go nearer and sniff the scent of their harmony, trying always to get rid of his preconceived ideas as to what is a nice chord and what is not, and what should follow it and what should not. As the unborn child compasses the history of evolution in a few months, so he in a like period can achieve the harmonic progress of two hundred years (I will not say three hundred—they had broader views then), and chords that started by sounding most uncomfortable to him will end as merely satisfying. It is not a long

time since the chord of the dominant seventh, which to-day sounds completely inoffensive, was held to be a hideous discord by all musicians except a few, among whom was Beethoven or Mrs. Beeton or someone equally justified, later, in their works. And yet you find silly old men in authority making speeches and writing to the papers—there was one last week—saying that all new music is ugly. They are merely confessing publicly that their brains have lost their elasticity through age, dis- or mis-use; they are physically unable to assimilate a new idea. It is a stage that must be reached by every brain that lives long enough, but it can be delayed for many years by the exercise of an open, unbiased mind. Some are stranded there at the age of twenty-five: others not yet at seventy. Any sound man who devotes his life to an art is likely to forge along his channel far ahead of the broad, slow-creeping waters of general taste, which may not reach his furthest point until years after his death. But we, not having to create, only to appreciate, can come somewhere near him with relatively small effort, and there is the very greatest satisfaction in doing so. I do not hold that all or nearly all modern music is inspired, but I do consider that if it is to be judged contemporaneously—which has undeniable advantages from the composer’s point of view—the judgment should be left to active brains still capable of receiving new impressions, and that it should follow over—rather than un-familiarity.

The wretched child of my title has been rather neglected! Still, I have no information that my readers would rather read on that than on any other subject. We now come to counterpoint. I feel somewhat diffident about mentioning this forbidding word; still more so its appalling adjective “contrapuntal.” But, however difficult of achievement this art may be to the composer, to the listener it means no more than hearing several tunes going on at the same time—leaning back, as it were, in a railway carriage and watching the telegraph wires slide up and down; save that, instead of rising and falling together, in counterpoint the tunes move independently, weaving all the while pleasant patterns of sound. Once one knows what to look for, and in what sort of music to look for it, the knack of following the different tunes simultaneously is soon acquired and adds enormously to one’s enjoyment of almost all music, while to some it is essential. I think the easiest way to pick it up is by listening, at first, to music of the type in which the same bits of tune are handed about from one voice to another. There is a very jolly canon in the César Franck *Sonata*, and a simple fugue in *Boutique Fantastique*—but music is packed full of examples, from *Three Blind Mice* to Bach’s *Forty Eight*. Here again a very little study of the booklet on musical form will repay generously. For the child, occasional and not laboured explanations of

what is happening, offered rather in the form of excited comment than of information: "Oh, there's the 'cello playing that tune the fiddle had a minute ago!" or "Hello, they're playing both tunes at once now. Don't they go rippingly together?" Don't overdo it; it is enough to let the child realise from the very beginning that music consists of something much more interesting than one pretty tune with a suitable accompaniment. It is my firm belief that the way to teach anything—from mathematics to music—is to put the learner, as far as may be, in the position of the creator or discoverer of that thing. He then sees the processes

which led up to it, and he will never forget it. So now, the way to describe a fugue is not by starting: "A fugue is so-and-so,"—but rather: "A man was once trying to write some music, and he suddenly thought what fun it would be to make such a tune that if several people played it, starting one after the other, each from the beginning, till all were going at once, it would still sound nice." Once a child's mind is put on the right trail, it will puzzle along far more happily by itself than if it be led—especially where the scent is so pleasant as on the trail of music.

GEOFFREY M. BOUMPHREY.

(To be continued.)



GRATITUDE

By ALEC ROWLEY, A.R.A.M., F.R.C.O., L.R.A.M.

WE take so much for granted in this modern world—and yet we need only break an arm to realise how wonderful a thing it is to be able to raise one's hand above one's head, or even to one's mouth. In short, we only entirely appreciate a thing when we have lost it. A library of books is an array of silent friends, ever at hand to suit any mood, to comfort, stimulate, and entertain. A library of records is an array of musical friends, to cheer, ennoble, and bring tranquility at any moment. With these two joys at hand no human need seek happiness. It is there.

But we take for granted these discs, which contain some of the greatest works ever created. It is an amazing fact to realise that complete orchestras—string quartets, choruses, and soloists—are packed in our very room, silently waiting to spring into life at the magic touch of the needle. Do you feel like hearing Bach, Beethoven, Vaughan Williams, Stravinsky, or the latest musical comedy? They are there, eager to respond to your mood. And think, these masterpieces are permanently preserved for us and the next generation, and for succeeding ones! Why, if the score of any great work were lost, it could be transcribed again from the gramophone record! These mighty creations are preserved for ever. Historians will know how we pronounced our words, how we made music, how we composed, and will compare with their own times.

Consider, if we had preserved for us a record of a speech by Queen Elizabeth, or a little discourse from Samuel Pepys, or a record of Paganini, or a reading of a Shakespeare play by Shakespeare himself! Do we realise all this, or do we still accept everything as a matter of course, and go to

a dealer's saying, "I want D.V.36605," and, after hearing it, remark, "That it's a rotten record"? Good heavens! It's a wonderful thing to have a record *at all*. Think of the standard of perfection now reached (and still advancing)! Think of the works that one could never (or rarely) hear! We can have them now in the comfort of the home, by the fireside.

The less we take for granted, the more we enjoy anything. The world of to-day suffers from a blasé acceptance of everything. I believe, if one of the stars dropped into a flapper's lap in a railway train, the guard would merely ask for an excess luggage ticket! Wireless, telephones, radium, electricity, aeroplanes, are now an established fact, and all these since about 1870. Wonders follow in such rapid succession, that we are apt to become bored if it is not a startling and sensational invention. I cannot find words to express my gratitude adequately to the gramophone companies who are so nobly producing the best works. They are educating the world, and revolutionising musical taste. I am sure they themselves do not realise their far-reaching results, but, as a musician, speaking, I am sure, for many others, I can testify to their wonderful aid in educational work, in lectures, in the home, in the study of scoring, in interpretation, in the various schools of composition—in short, in everything connected with music.

All honour and thanks to the producers for their noble work and long may they continue to give us of their best! For the gramophonist is as proud of his possession as the "powers that be" are in their own productions. And the result is to the absolute benefit of all concerned.

ALEC ROWLEY.

GRAMOPHONE CELEBRITIES

XV.—Emilio Eduardo de Gogorza

By HERMAN KLEIN

WHEN I went to New York towards the end of 1901, to take up a sojourn there that was to last between seven and eight years, I took with me a letter of introduction from the late Mrs. Ronalds—a great lover of music, a charming singer, the friend of Arthur Sullivan and Tosti—to her old teacher, Signor Emilio Agramonte, one of the few remaining *maestri* of the true Italian school. He received me with the utmost cordiality. Agramonte was the principal vocal instructor of Emilio Eduardo de Gogorza, the subject of this article, and it was from him that the young baritone, a native of Brooklyn, N.Y., acquired the sound, irreproachable method that in the fullness of time was to win, for his voice and singing, admirers among gramophonists in every part of the inhabited globe.

But it was not in the United States that he learned the elements of his art. His parents were Spanish and the fact of his being born in Brooklyn was due to chance. He was only two months old when he was taken to Spain, where he received his early education and learned to speak Spanish and French like a native. At the age of eleven he was sent to England and sang there in various episcopal churches. Later on he gained further experience of the same kind in Paris, remaining in Europe until he attained his twentieth year. Here we have the explanation of de Gogorza's mastery of many languages and the

purity of his accent in nearly all of them. He returned to New York in 1893 a veritable cosmopolitan, but with no desire to remain a Spanish subject, as his parents had registered him at the Spanish consulate at the time of his birth in Brooklyn.

It took a considerable period of residence, however, before he could secure his final papers as an American citizen, which he proudly remains to this day.

Emilio de Gogorza completed his studies under Agramonte in 1897, and in the same year made his début as a concert singer in New York, under the auspices of that great artist, Marcella Sembrich. She thought highly of his talent and proved in many ways a valuable friend. The beauty of his voice, the neatness of his phrasing, the purity of his style generally, won high praise from critics renowned for their candour and severity. His public position was quickly won. By the time I landed in the United States four years later, he had become a finished artist, and I found a genuine pleasure in listening to him. We were introduced, and



[Bain's News Service, N.Y.]

I found an equal pleasure in the discovery that he was a charming man. There is no need to say much about his career as a concert baritone, except that he sang and gave recitals everywhere in North America and won for himself a wide and enviable reputation.

Meanwhile—exactly at what date I am unable

to state, but it does not really matter—de Gogorza had started in a quiet way his long and useful connection with the Victor Gramophone Company. He was, I believe, their first “musical advisor” (is so still in fact); and that must have been rather before the period when I took up a similar position with the Columbia Company, which I held until I left America in 1909. (Anyhow he was more fortunate in the appreciation that his services evoked than I was.) But he was also to earn both reputation and wealth for the Victor people and himself, not alone as an impresario of distinguished record-makers from Sembrich and Caruso downwards, but as a singer of very fine and widely-saleable records himself.

To have achieved this at a time when the mechanism of the gramophone was vastly inferior to what it is to-day involved close and continuous study of the conditions. De Gogorza must have worked hard to learn how to display his consummate art in the making of records, and no less hard, I am sure, to instruct and impart similar knowledge to the great artists who came under his charge in the recording-room or on the way to it. In the language of the day, “he knew his job.” He knew which voices would record well and which would not; and I can easily believe that he made few mistakes. A delightful singer under any circumstances, he has himself been a perfect model for reproducing his own voice and style, as Caruso reproduced his, in a wholly natural manner and without modification or change or effort of any sort.

In 1911 he married the famous operatic soprano, Emma Eames (widow of Julian Story), one of the most gifted and interesting singers that America ever brought forth. She was born at Shanghai, educated at Boston, and trained vocally by Marchesi at Paris. But then, you see, the old saying applies in both cases: “Art has no nationality.”



DE GOGORZA RECORDS.

As a footnote to Mr. Klein's article, a few lines on the H.M.V. records of De Gogorza's voice may be useful; and acknowledgment is due to Mr. Philip Marchant, of Invercargill (New Zealand), for a long article on the subject. Some of the best records are, unfortunately, withdrawn from the 1926 catalogue, as a correspondent pointed out last month; but the following list of operatic records comprises all that are now available in the order of Mr. Marchant's preference.

D.B.183.—*Largo al factotum* (translated Vol. II., 174) and *Eri tu che macchiavi quell'anima*.

D.B.184.—*Deh! vieni alla finestra*, *Devant la maison*, and *Il balen del suo sorriso*.

D.B.627.—*Vision fugitive* and *Promesse de mon avenir*.

D.B.625.—*Votre toast je peux vous le rendre* and *Air du Sonneur*.

D.B.323.—*Pari siamo!* (translated June, 1923) and *Caro mio ben* (translated Vol. IV., 39).

D.A.485.—*Si può?* (Prologue) (translated June, 1923) and *Song of the Volga Boatmen* (translated November, 1923).

To these should be added D.K.121 (catalogue No. 2), *Là dove prende amor ricetto*, sung with Emma Eames, which has *Che soave zeffiretto*, sung by Eames and Sembrich on the reverse. These are finely sung, but the recording is not good. Also D.B.169, the duet from *Marta—Solo, profugo, reietto*—sung with Van Hoose, and the *Duel Trio* from *Faust—Que voulez-vous, messieurs?*—sung with Journet and Van Hoose. This ranks high.

The second group consists of the folk songs, and is sadly depleted. Six of the very best, where all are good—*Preguntale a las estrellas* and *Noche Serena*, *La Sevillana* and *Teresita mía*, *El celoso* and *En Calesa*—are now withdrawn. The few that remain are placed here in Mr. Marchant's order of preference.

D.B.186.—*La Paloma* (translated Vol. II., 213) and *La Partida* (translated Vol. III., 397).

D.B.188.—*O sole mio* and *Non è ver*.

D.A.185.—*Santa Lucia* and *O sole mio*.

In addition there is the splendid D.B.592, *A la luz de la luna*, sung with Caruso, which has *A Granada*, sung by Caruso, on the reverse; and D.A.177, *Lina, chanson napolitaine*, with Offenbach's *Chanson de Fortunio* on the reverse.

The third group includes the English songs, from D.B.628, *Where'er you walk* and *Drink to me only with thine eyes*, to D.A.187, *When dull care* and *John Peel*. Mr. Marchant rightly says that this group hardly needs an order of merit, since tastes are bound to differ; but he recommends D.B.594, *The Lost Chord* and *O Song Divine*, especially. It is a matter for regret that the records which contained Coleridge-Taylor's *Viking Song* and Elgar's *The Pipes of Pan* are no longer in the catalogue.

On the whole, probably the best selection of De Gogorza records from the 1926 H.M.V. catalogue would be D.B.186, D.B.184, D.B.592, D.B.627, and D.B.188.

VINTAGE WEBERS

By F SHARP

I BELIEVE there is a club in Berlin whose members have agreed to dance nothing more modern than the waltz, the polka, and the galop. Not a club of old fogies—but a youthful reaction against the tyranny of eternal jazz. To tell the truth, jazz is the only form of dance in which the old fogies *can* indulge. Does any one who remembers the days of the waltz remember also elderly gentlemen's coat-tails flying as they whizzed their stout partners through the intricacies of a delirious waltz? Most unusual, at any rate, and seldom dignified. But the unwieldiest of elders can be propelled without disaster through a fox-trot.* The waltz is exclusively youth's dance — the true Viennese variety, that is, which cannot be jazzed.

I wonder if those young people in Berlin are ever able to lure Marek Weber away from the Adlon to inspire them. If not, they must surely have his records of the Johann Strauss waltzes. Each one is a bottle of champagne. The rhythm tilts out gold and sparkling — the tune froths and spumes. Nearly all are vintage — but

among the best years, to my mind, are *The Treasure* (with the better known *Vienna Woods* on the other side, which somehow suggests a pretty tight-rope dancer doing difficult things, probably a subconscious circus memory), *Artist's Life*, *Whisperings of Spring*, very cheerful with a sentimental interlude, *The Bat*, and *Roses of the South*. But the most intoxicating of all, which is of magnum size, is *Morgenblätter*. Here are lovely ladies with massive plaits of shining hair coiled round classic heads swaying to their white-gloved partners with swirl of silk and ruches, subtle turn of profile, graceful play of fan—lovely fatal ladies for whom men would gladly die (if necessary, of course). Where are they now, these fragrant alluring ghosts?

* Free, of course, from such complications as the Charleston, which at its best is more like an epileptic seizure than a step, and should only be attempted by the very young and extremely beautiful.

Where also are the gloves of yester-year? When will some public-spirited and sufficiently prominent gentleman develop a mild malady of the hands which necessitates the donning of gloves for some important occasion? How soon would the glove shops be besieged by Fashion's blind followers; how many a priceless lamé gown be saved from perdition; how many sticky souvenirs be avoided! Let women, however, eschew for ever the hideous long glove. One thickness of kid only is necessary to save the situation.

To return to Marek Weber—and it is always pleasant to do that—I recommend very strongly

the trio, which consists of violin, harp and organ, and puts new life into such hackneyed favourites as the *Intermezzo*, *Le Cygne* and *Thais Meditation*. Handel's *Largo* is quite beautifully given by this original combination of instruments.

More interesting from the musical point of view is *Kol Nidrei*, typical Max Bruch, based on Hungarian Folk Songs, and very appealing.

Of the fox-trots, *Katja the Dancer* leads in popularity, especially the beloved

Leander. All these dances are quite exquisitely played, especially *April Showers*, *Eldgaffeln*, *Electric Girl* and *My Sweet One*.

La Sérénade is so delicious that a record album bit a large piece out of it, but one is still able to enjoy what is left. The sweetness of *Le plus joli rêve* on the other side no doubt helped to make it irresistible. I find that in my enthusiasm for the early Strauss waltzes I have forgotten to mention Richard Strauss's *Der Rosenkavalier*. Those who have not (and even those who have) got a record of this delectable waltz should buy it at once. I have not said half as much as I should like about the waltz, nor have I said nearly all there is to say about gloves, but I hope one day there will be room to expatiate on "The Waltz from Waldteufel to Lehar" and "The Glove as Worn by the Best People."



SELECTED LIST OF MAREK WEBER RECORDS.

(Parlophone, 12in., d.s., 4s. 6d. each.)

Marek Weber and his famous orchestra:—

Waltzes.

- E.10150.—*The Blue Danube* and *Roses of the South*.
 E.10151.—*Wine, Woman and Song* and *Whisperings of Spring*.
 E.10162.—*The Bat* and *Artist's Life*.
 E.10173.—*Morgenblätter*, two parts.
 E.10214.—*Vienna Woods* and *The Treasure*.
 E.10358.—*Viennese Life Waltz* and *Nachtfalter (The Moth)*.
 E.10174.—*Flattergeister* and *Vienna Bonbons*.
 E.10449.—*Pester Waltz*, two parts.

Fox Trots, etc.

- E.10027.—*April Showers* and *By the Riverside*.
 E.10064.—*How perfectly ripping* and *El Medallon* (tango).
 E.10276.—*The girl you're with belongs to me* and *Je vous aime*.
 E.10249.—*Give me the night time* and *Chansonette*.
 E.10191.—*Je cherche après Titine* and *When I see you, you make me cry*.
 E.10197.—*O Katharina!* and *The Football Walk*.
 Marek Weber Trio:—
 E.10094.—*Legend d'Amour* (Becci) and *Joan Manen* (violin) *Serenade* (Drdla).
 E.10237.—*Cavalleria Rusticana* (Mascagni) and *Largo* (Handel).
 E.10251.—*Le Cygne* (Saint-Saëns) and *Thaïs, Meditation* (Massenet). F #.

THE LIFEBELT

FURTHER extracts from the "Notes on the Lifebelt in not more than 300 words," which formed the subject of one of the March competitions (see Vol. III., p. 558) will be of interest, especially to those who have got Lifebelts, but have not been completely convinced of their efficiency. By this time probably none of our readers has been too lazy or too sceptical even to give the Lifebelt a trial; but the correspondence which comes to the London Office shows that quite a number of people are mildly disappointed at a first trial and only get the full value of the Lifebelt after a little patient adjustment and experiment.

I.—R. A. NETHERCOT, Swindon. Machine used: Balmain, 5ft. cardboard horn, 18in. bell; sound-box: Pianina. "Spare the Belt and spoil the record" might well be adopted as the future gramophonic slogan. The Lifebelt will definitely reduce to a minimum that bugbear "record wear," which more or less rapidly manifests itself by "blast." Correct needle-track alignment alone will not surmount this trouble, but correct alignment plus the Lifebelt will. A concrete instance of this is the Zono. record of Browning Mummery singing *Your tiny hand*, which was unplayable owing to excessive blast; but now, with the Lifebelt's aid, pitch is maintained and blast absent. It will also give the greater realism of the loud needle without its usually attendant disadvantages of stridency, increased record wear, and surface noise. Scratch will certainly be less insistent, and instruments previously missed may now be heard.

The Lifebelt will do this much for all, equally; but for those with ears to hear it will do more; they may "listen to the bass" at little cost. The tympani in the Parlophone *Flying Dutchman* will sound a definite note and not be merely a hollow noise, whilst much of the softer work now becomes apparent. Again, the deeper toned brass is wonderfully improved, as for instance, the tuba in *Uranus*.

The final consideration with most is a financial one, I think. Here the point becomes, "Can I afford not to use the Lifebelt?" and the answer is in all cases, "No." With the

best gramophones its use will at least save the replacement of several records annually, while the tone of machines short of the best will be vastly improved and the value of many more than doubled.

II.—P. GREVILLE HUDSON, Carlisle.—The machine used was an experimental one, mounted temporarily to allow various types of internal horns to be "tried out." Sound-box: "Salon," 2in. mica diaphragm; tone-arm: goose-neck; horns: 36in. rectangular section following elliptic curves, and 48in. circular section, straight. The alignment was fair, and, owing to the position of the tone-arm, when the Lifebelt was attached, it required some manœuvring to improve it. The initial trial was a shock. The record, the Chopin *Sonata in B minor*, Percy Grainger, I had not heard previously. It sounded like a steel piano played in a tin bath. Horrible! Tried various adjustments of the Lifebelt, forcing it on to the tone-arm as far as it would go, but with little effect. Discarded the Lifebelt and tried again. A little better, but the recording was at fault. Too much resonance. Adjusted Lifebelt again. The new recording of the piano in other records suffered, but not much. Vocal, little changed. Instrumental, improved, but not more than had been achieved by a flexible connection (not rubber) that had been in use for some months.

Took the bull by the horns, sawed 1½in. off the goose-neck, sweated on an H.M.V. adapter (which made the adjustment of the Lifebelt easier), shifted the tone-arm forward until the needle-point was ¾in. beyond the centre of the turntable, and fixed the Lifebelt on as far as the ring would allow, which resulted in a track error of less than two degrees over the longest possible 12in. record.

Result splendid! Piano tones fuller without over-resonance being accentuated, while the sonority and balance of orchestral works was greatly increased. Holst's *Planets* in particular gained tremendously, effects only hinted at before becoming clear statements.

III.—FRANK P. MAGGS, Bristol.—... By reason of the Lifebelt being an additional fitting, alignment correction presents difficulties. My remedy for these, however, is simple. I withdraw the sound-box fitting from the Lifebelt, firmly attach the fitting to the sound-box, then replace the whole at a lateral angle, which gives the best alignment.

Particular attention must be given to weight, and the Wilson Protractor is foolproof and a necessity. It was only through the medium of the Lifebelt that I discovered that the early new process records appear to suffer considerably from "induction." Listen carefully to the second side of *Parsifal* and the tenth side of Tchaikovsky's *Fourth Symphony*, and it will be found that certain loud passages appear to have become induced in the groove which immediately precedes them—one actually hears notes before they "arrive," which explains that "humming roar" as one of your correspondents aptly puts it, and this induction is nearly always present, but it is mostly discerned in very loud passages which follow a quiet passage.

The Lifebelt's unlimited qualities of resiliency must be deemed its greatest virtue: through its medium is produced a realistic sense of purity and by its simple abridgement the most amazing resonance is created.

IV.—DOUGLAS M. DAVIS, Highgate.—Instrument: Table Grand, internal wooden horn, goose-neck tone-arm, Saturn sound-box. When I first fitted the Lifebelt to my instrument a great change was apparent. Clarity was improved, but volume was reduced—a medium needle gave as much as a fibre used to give. Furthermore, a soft pedal note effect appeared an octave below middle C. For the next fortnight I tried adjusting the Lifebelt, until I found the best position for my instrument, when I reverted to fibre needles. From this adjustment I ascertained the following points.

Detail and clarity, especially in accompaniments, were in all cases doubled. The sound fills the room, giving a feeling that so many different instruments could not possibly emanate from one gramophone. I heard details in the accompaniments of records I thought I knew perfectly, which I had never heard before.

Volume is only slightly increased, although the improved detail and purity of tone give a sense of considerable increase. There is no loss of volume on the highest soprano notes, while the lowest basso profundo still booms out as richly as before. Every instrument in the orchestra sounds more like itself, and it is a tremendous step towards the "instrument in the room" illusion. Piano tone is a revelation. With vocal records it seems that the singer is actually in the horn, so naturally is the voice produced. But, defects in the sound-box are enhanced; and the Caruso-Alda *Miserere* is intolerable. This is owing to the poor recording, magnificent though the rendering is.

However, I consider that by using a Lifebelt, my instrument is improved 100 per cent., and I am full of gratitude to THE GRAMOPHONE for introducing it to me, and others, at such a modest price.

But oh! for more space to enlarge on its merits!

V.—S. HARFORD, Budleigh Salterton.—Columbia Portable, sound-box fitting attached; needles: fibres and H.M.V. half tone. From the very first I found the Lifebelt a great improvement—the bass could be felt as well as heard. There was, however, an unsteadiness in pitch (notably in the horn solo at the opening of *Oberon Overture*, Columbia,) due to too much flexibility. This I remedied without loss of effect by cutting a half inch ring off the "belt," and fitting the flat steel springs (top and bottom). Alignment error I found to be 3° at the highest. My last addition was a weight adjuster manufactured from part of a wireless earth clip and a lead weight taken from some fishing tackle. This effected a further improvement in tone, apart from the fact that worn records played much better. For instance, my record of *Sempre libera* (Galli-Curci) was considerably worn, but when played with the Lifebelt, plus weight adjuster, it sounded better than when new! The orchestral accompaniment was beautifully clear and resonant, while the voice came out pure and strong.

Accompaniments, whether orchestral or pianoforte, are

much clearer. Piano records also are greatly improved. My copy of York Bowen's *Ballade in A flat* was apt to jar towards the end, but it is a different record now! All orchestral records have much more life and weight, while many instruments previously unheard now make their appearance; the drums in *Figaro Overture* (Vocalion), for example. Vocal records are far purer in tone; there is no "deadness" in the final notes of the record.

I was greatly disappointed in the *Carnival Overture* (Dvorák) when I heard it at my dealer's. (This is an electric recording, of course.) The shrillness at the end was appalling, but on my own machine it was great!

Hail, Lifebelt, staff of gramophony!!

VI.—KENNETH R. WOOD, Grangemouth.—This is essentially a universal joint, made of rubber, connecting sound-box to tone-arm. It functions by reducing side-strain set up by the record track, and assists the needle in transmitting energy from track to diaphragm, due to rubber's natural property of high elasticity. Towards the record's centre, the side-strain upon the needle is inversely proportional to the circumference, consequently torsion of the Lifebelt becomes dangerous. This is the Lifebelt's chief defect, but can be corrected by more scientific design; in its present form it will ruin certain types of records for this reason, such as Homo. H.B.2039, *Polonaise in E*, by Miss Gertrude Miller. Its vertical flexibility assists in correcting mechanically imperfect records, and its longitudinal flexibility reduces liability to pitch changes, due to alterations in linear speed, noticeable in "swingers." Its horizontal flexibility, by assisting the needle to follow the record track more faithfully, is the Lifebelt's greatest asset. Hence, improvements in design should strive to increase vertical and horizontal flexibility, and to reduce torsion and all other forms to a minimum.

The Lifebelt assists bad alignment, and functions best when the error is smallest, such as in the "Balmian." It improves small diaphragm sound-boxes much more than say 3in. boxes. The more sensitive the sound-box, the less the improvement, and the heavier the box the greater the care which must be used in employing the Lifebelt. Three ounces is the absolute maximum.

Resonance naturally is increased and low frequency notes are more faithfully reproduced, balance is assisted, and volume is increased. These improvements are the direct result of horizontal flexibility.

The Lifebelt is both an essential and a danger, but the danger becomes negligible if intelligence is used in its employment. Its use brings the gramophone one step nearer the perfect musical instrument.

Other interesting essays which deserve special mention were sent in by G. R. Hollis (Cheam), S. D. Phillips (Deal), W. S. Cropper (Chesterfield), T. Lavy (Southend), and J. Brough (Rotherham).

TO SINGERS: TAUGHT OR UNTAUGHT

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SUNDRY REPORTS

By OUR EXPERT COMMITTEE

The Linguaphone Repeater. Price 25/-

In our previous report on this ingenious device we called attention to one or two respects in which careful adjustment was necessary. The Linguaphone Institute has now made one or two modifications in the Repeater which make it simpler to fix and to operate. The clamp can now be fixed to a tapered tone-arm without difficulty, and does not slip when in use. We understand also that a larger size of clamp can be supplied for use with specially large tone-arms. The lever which controlled the coupling between the two carriages has been replaced by a thumb-screw, which is easier to operate, and more certain in action. Other small alterations have been made which add to the efficiency of the instrument. Considering the high quality workmanship which is embodied in the Repeater and the accurate way in which it fulfils the purpose for which it was designed, the price is not excessive.

The New Luxus Sound-box

This is certainly one of the best of the cheaper sound-boxes that we have heard. It is approximately of the same size as an H.M.V. No. 2, and has a similar, though not identical, type of springing for the stylus bar. The diaphragm is rather thinner than is usual with that type of sound-box, and the resulting tone is in consequence more flaccid. On machines with large amplifiers it is not so good for old recordings as the Saturn box made by the same firm (Goldring). For new recordings, however, the reverse is the case. For the lighter electrical recordings it gives quite a good account of itself, but, like most other sound-boxes, it fails on the really heavy passages. For old recordings it is at its best on machines (such as table models or small cabinets) with small amplifiers.

The Magnet Sound-box

This is one of the cheapest sound-boxes on the market. It has an aluminium shell and a mica diaphragm of about 2in. in diameter. The stylus springs are of the helical type. For really first-class results (which, of course, usually require a large amplifier) we have never found a box of this type answer very well. On such machines, however, it is better with the new recordings than with the old. It avoids that shrill quality which is produced on electric records by most of the sound-boxes which excel on old recordings. With the Baby Waveola Horn it gave quite remarkable results. This suggests that it would do well on machines (such as portables) whose amplifiers have relatively small openings. But for ordinary gramophones it is not in the same class as the Saturn and Luxus.

The Baby Waveola Horn. Price £1 1s.

This is a remarkably compact little affair. The effective length of the horn is about 30 inches, and yet it could be packed quite comfortably into a small suit-case. The open end of the horn is rather less than 6in. in diameter, and yet with a suitable sound-box the reproduction is quite good. Of course, one does not get the resonance with it that a machine with a large amplifier will give, but the tone is a good deal better than that of many small table gramophones.

The sound-box which the makers sent with the horn was of the Pianina type. In view of the small open end we anticipated that this would give a better reproduction than a smaller sound-box. For comparison, we tried an H.M.V. No. 2 and a new Luxus and a Magnet (see report below); all three gave definitely better results than the larger box. The Baby Waveola Horn and the Magnet Sound-box makes a cheap and relatively effective combination. The results we got with it made us regret that the Waveola Company had not sent us a machine fitted with one of their largest horns. If the grown-up Waveola is anything like so effective, *in its class*, as its baby brother, it will be the salvation of many a faulty machine.

Please Read

The National Gramophonic Society Notes

on p. 58



UNIQUE CHANCE

of obtaining some of the best
N.G.S. RECORDS, which
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ARMCHAIR PHONATICS

By P. WILSON

RECORD DRESSINGS.

I HAVE now tested quite a number of record cleaners, but have not, so far, found one which is entirely satisfactory. Most of them have the fault of being slow-drying and thus attracting dust. The best I have tried has been one of my own devising. It is a mixture of 1 part "Three-in-One" oil, 1 part white vinegar, and 2 parts water. Recent tests, however, suggest that 2 parts oil and less water would be better. This is comparatively quick drying, but it has the fault that it takes a day or so before it begins to act properly. The mixture should be well shaken before use, applied sparingly with a clean cloth or soft brush, and rubbed well into the grooves. All surplus moisture should be dried off with another cloth, after which the record should be played once or twice (preferably with a fibre, which will absorb some of the moisture), and dried between each playing. The following day it should be played once or twice more. This time it will be found that the needle brings up a lot of black, greasy material from the groove. It is most important to remove this from the needle-point frequently, lest it should be carried forward and deposited at a place where the recording is very heavy. One of the troubles in playing electric records is that debris accumulates at the heavy passages and makes it more difficult for the needle to go through in future. This treatment cleans the groove very effectively after a little time. I have found it to be a certain cure for all forms of fibre-clogging that I have come across. It should not be forgotten that the record should be dried as much as possible before being put away.

For general use, I find it convenient to keep two cleaning pads. Both are made of well-washed "cotton cord." One I keep slightly damped with "Three-in-One" oil; the other I use dry. Before playing a record I dust it lightly with the dry pad and then with the damp one. After playing I rub it with the dry pad only. It cannot be too strongly emphasised that records should be kept clean and dry.

WARPED RECORDS.

I have been asked to recommend a simple and quick way of curing warped records. The following has been found to be quite satisfactory.

Hold the record by the edge, between the fingers of each hand, with the surface of the record at right angles to the palms. With the flat of the record facing a fire (preferably a gas or electric fire) and

about 18 inches away from it, so that the tips of the fingers are pointing directly towards the fire, turn the record round between the fingers so that every part of the face becomes nicely warm. Then turn the record over and warm the other face in the same way. When it is just warm (be careful not to get it too hot), place it between two sheets of plate-glass which have been thoroughly cleaned and dried. A heavy record album or a few large books placed on top will then flatten out the record in a very few minutes. Plate-glass is necessary because few sheets of ordinary glass are perfectly flat.

FLEXIBILITY AND THE NEW RECORDING.

It is inadvisable to use very much flexibility in the Lifebelt when playing electric records. With most existing sound-boxes the needle has a tendency to "get mixed up with the bass" and in these circumstances substantial flexibility may be dangerous. A simple way of controlling the flexibility is to place two flat springs between the bosses, underneath the external ring, so that in the playing position one is at the front and one at the back. Pieces of spring $1\frac{1}{2}$ in. long and $\frac{3}{8}$ in. wide will not be too strong for most machines.

The Orchorsol Company have lost no time in following the Editor's advice of last month. I, for my part, found that their new sound-box, when properly adjusted to the tone-arm, played new recordings remarkably well on machines with relatively large amplifiers. The needle only got mixed up with the bass on machines where the amplifier had a small air resistance—impedance is the proper technical term. The Company have now made some small alterations and have added an ingenious device whereby the flexibility can be adjusted. The interesting thing is that in this way they can adjust the box to play new recordings on machines with either large or small amplifiers. It still gives the best results with a large amplifier, but the other day they played the new *Siegfried's Funeral March* to me with a loud steel needle on a small table model and that with good tone and without the slightest needle tremor. Those who know that record will realise what a thorough test that is. I understand that the Orchorsol Company have introduced a similar adjusting device for the benefit of Lifebelt owners. I was also interested to hear that they have confirmed my conclusions that to obtain the best results from flexibility the weight on the record has to be nicely adjusted.

P. WILSON.

National Gramophonic Society Notes

(All communications should be addressed to The Secretary, N.G.S., 58, Frith Street, London, W.1)

Price to Non-Members

Hitherto members have been adjured not to dispose of any N.G.S. record to a non-member for less than 7s. 6d. This rule was made in the first instance in order to ensure that only members of the society should have at 5s. each records which would normally cost 7s. 6d. But now that the leading companies are selling the corresponding records—Lener and Virtuoso Quartets, for instance—at 6s. 6d. each, we may fairly relax our rule similarly. In future N.G.S. records may be sold to non-members, privately or through the Exchange and Mart column, at 6s. 6d. each.

Stock-taking

In going through the stocks of records belonging to the first year of the society's existence we find that there is no complete set left of the Beethoven *Harp Quartet in E flat* or of the Debussy *Quartet in G minor*, or of the Schubert *Trio in E flat*, or of the Schönberg *Sextet, Verklärte Nacht*. As only 500 copies of each of these works were pressed, the importance of this information will not be lost upon members with a "collector's sense."

There are still three sets of the Beethoven *Quartet in F major, Op. 59, No. 1 (Rasoumovsky)*, five records (25s.), and eighteen sets of the Brahms *Sextet in B flat major, Op. 18*, five records (25s.). These will be sold to the first members who apply.

Single Records

On the other hand, there are quite a fair number of odd records which cannot be made up into sets. These we propose to offer to the general public of our readers who are not members of the society yet, in order that we may make converts to chamber music and to the society.

Any reader of THE GRAMOPHONE who sends the coupon on page xxv to the secretary, may buy any of the records in the following list for 5s. each post free. Payment with order. Any member of the society may buy them for 4s. each. This offer only holds good till the stock is exhausted. The records are:—

A.—*Poco Adagio Allegro* (First Movement) and—

B.—*Adagio ma non troppo* (Second Movement); both complete from Beethoven's *String Quartet in E flat, Op. 74 (Harp)*. There are only two or three of these left.

E.—The Second Movement (one side) and part of the Third Movement of Debussy's *String Quartet in G minor, Op. 10*. This is an admirable record with which to convince a friend about (a) Debussy, (b) the Spencer Dyke Quartet.

G.—The *Allegro* from Rubinstein's *String Quartet in F, Op. 17, No. 3*, and *The Declaration* from Raff's *Maid of the Mill Suite, Op. 192, No. 2*. The record with which to convert a beginner.

I and K.—*Allegro* (third side) and *Andante con moto* (first side). *Andante con moto* (second side) and *Scherzo* from Schubert's *Piano Trio in E flat, Op. 100*.

M.—The last part of the Schubert *Trio (Allegro moderato)* on one side and the first part of Schönberg's *Verklärte Nacht* on the other. Only very few copies are left.

N.—Parts two and three of *Verklärte Nacht*.

O.—Parts four and five of *Verklärte Nacht*.

V.—Last part of the *Allegro* (First Movement) and first part of the *Allegretto* (Second Movement); W.—The rest of the *Allegretto*; X.—*Adagio* (Third Movement), two sides; Y.—Conclusion of *Adagio* leading to Fourth Movement, *Thème Russe, Allegro* from

Beethoven's (*First Rasoumovsky*) *Quartet in F major, Op. 59, No. 1*.

Z.—*Allegro ma non troppo* (First Movement, two sides).

AA.—First Movement (one side) and *Andante ma moderato* (Second Movement, one side).

BB.—Second Movement (one side) and *Scherzo* complete (one side).

DD.—Third side of *Rondo* (Third Movement) of Brahms's *String Sextet in B major, Op. 18*, and *By the Tarn* (Eugene Goossens), complete.

It is most important that the *capital letters* should be quoted in ordering. Only a very few copies of some of the above records are available, and orders will be executed in strict rotation, but preference up to July 8th will be given to members of the society.

The Elgar Quintet.

Members who have written to acknowledge receipt of these records have been unanimous in praising them; and the general verdict is expressed by Captain H. T. Barnett, who wrote, "It is a grand thing, exquisitely played, and the recording is greatly superior to any other thing of the kind that I know."

The Brahms Clarinet Quintet

These five discs have now been issued to members and a note on the music is in preparation and will be printed in the August number of THE GRAMOPHONE.

The Mozart Clarinet Quintet

The last batch of records for this season will consist of the Mozart *Quintet* played by Charles Draper and the Spencer Dyke String Quartet on four 12in. records, with two 10in. records to complete the series (three 10in. records being reckoned as equivalent to two 12in.). These will contain McEwen's *Peat Reek* and some Purcell *Fantasies*.

Next Year's Programme

The third year of the Society will begin on October 1st, but already steps must be taken to prepare the programme. At present all that is settled is the first three records, which will contain some more Purcell *Fantasies* (one record) and Vaughan Williams's *Phantasy Quintet* (two records). Before preparing a voting list for members, the Advisory Committee would be glad of suggestions, firstly as to works of the same kind as those hitherto issued; and secondly as to any developments which may be practicable—such as the use of a small string orchestra which could record Haydn symphonies or Handel's *Concerti Grossi*, or Mozart's *Cassations*, or works of similar scope.

Edward Isaacs

If any members are not familiar with the playing of Edward Isaacs, perhaps they will take the opportunity of hearing him on the wireless during the next few days, when he will be broadcasting Beethoven sonatas from 2 LO at 7.25 p.m. It will then be easier for them to vote, if they are required to do so, on the question of including a series of unrecorded Beethoven or other piano sonatas in the programme for 1926-1927, to be played by Mr. Isaacs. He is well-known to all radiolists; and it is additionally interesting to hear his brilliant interpretations of Beethoven or Scarlatti when one is told that Mr. Isaacs is very nearly blind.

Miss Helen Henschel

Similarly, will members let the Secretary know whether they would like records of the English and French folk songs which Miss Henschel has made her special province, if they were recorded by her for the N.G.S.? She was broadcasting French songs on June 24th; and among the songs which might be submitted to the Advisory Committee would be such favourites as *The wraggletaggle gipsies*, *The Sprig of Thyme*, *William Taylor*, *Paris est au roi*, *J'entends le loup*, *Voici Noël*, and *Le bois charmant*.

RESULT of OVERSEAS COMPETITION

IN the March number (Vol. III., p. 496) a prize of Three Pounds was offered to Overseas Readers for the best essay, in not more than 800 words, on *What my gramophone and THE GRAMOPHONE have done for me.*

It has been awarded to W. E. HELLIER, 30A, Mitchell Road, Durban, South Africa, for the following essay; and some extracts are added from some of the best of the other essays sent in:—

I.—Between them my gramophone and THE GRAMOPHONE have altered the whole course of my life. Born without musical instinct and frightened by a brass band in my early youth, I lived—up to the time of the war—in the outer darkness.

In France our mess had a little hornless, lidless H.M.V. and several boxes of records gathered literally from the four corners of the earth and representing a wide field of taste and lack of it. That began it! A record by McCormack and Kreisler really started the ball rolling—the *Serenata* of Moszkowski—and for some reason or other the dawn of orchestral appreciation commenced with *Finlandia*! These two records always fascinated me—followed, I remember, by the *Oberon Overture* and *Gems from Martha*. Groping about in the dark I must have covered considerable ground, for, on demobilisation, my first purchase was a gramophone of my own and a collection of the usual Verdi and Gounod operatic records with such things as *Liebesträume* and *Simple Aveu* by way of contrast.

Then came the inevitable experimenting stage—sound-boxes, diaphragms, needles and gadgets of all descriptions distracted me and all around me!

One wonderful day I espied the yellow cover of THE GRAMOPHONE—my guiding-star-to-be—in a music store window. I nearly got run over several times on my way home, for I couldn't resist dipping into its pages. That was Volume I., No. 1, so I had a good start! My musical education shot off like an unleashed greyhound and I, who couldn't pick out *Rule Britannia* with one finger on the piano, was soon deep in the contemplation of Beethoven symphonies, Mozartian concertos, and even within nodding distance of Bach! My hard-earned cash began to fly, records on records were greedily bought despite protests from my better half; hour after hour was spent in the gradual absorption of glorious music; my friends looked on in amazement. Being an engineer by profession and essentially of a scientific turn of mind, I evolved a machine of my own which better satisfied my ever-growing critical taste.

I settled down to prefer orchestral, instrumental, and chamber music records, and, guided by the sage counsel and discernment of THE GRAMOPHONE, I have arrived, via wonderful highways and by-ways, at a stage where the hitherto incomprehensible works of the later César Franck and Debussy are a real delight. Stravinsky, Delius, Holst and Borodine are daily becoming more attainable—form, rhythm and colour are more readily perceived and appreciated.

Music exists for me now as the most marvellous medium of expression, whereas in the dark pre-GRAMOPHONE days it was merely a pleasing titillation, a vague emotional appeal or just a boring jargon of sound.

In THE GRAMOPHONE pages themselves I find the Editor's trenchant criticisms and exuberant enthusiasms very stimulating—his bold statements simply clamour for personal verification! Mr. Herman Klein's delightful articles on operatic records, his wonderful critical faculty, kindly exposition, and interesting reminiscences charm and intrigue me.

The record reviews strike me as being a very real help, for

they really do give one an idea of what is likely to come forth from any given record. The comparisons of issues are fair, fearless and honest, and the "value for money" viewpoint is carefully considered.

Mr. P. Wilson, Mr. Balmain, and the Expert Committee are doing fine work, for there is woeful ignorance, even among the musically learned, as to the why's and wherefore's of the mechanical side of the gramophone, and as for the pseudo-experts, they are far too numerous for the health of the movement!

Where, but for THE GRAMOPHONE and its technical advisers, would be the joys of corrected needle-track alignment, the Lifebelt, or a horse-sense attitude toward the needle question?

Now, with some 5,000 records of the world's talent at my beck and call, and the ever-increasing repertoire of recorded music at my command, my leisure hours are happy indeed! No! I am not a millionaire, but I had, somehow, to satisfy the insistent demands of my long unsuspected musical self which THE GRAMOPHONE dragged to light, so when opportunity offered, I threw up my calling and got on the staff of the biggest gramophone concern in this country!

In all honesty I can credit THE GRAMOPHONE with the biggest share in the transformation of my life, and, indirectly, for a further big share of added happiness, for when a man's work is where his heart is that man is happy!—W. E. HELLIER.

II.—... It would be ungrateful not to acknowledge our debt to THE GRAMOPHONE. My acquaintance with our journal began one miserable day in Liverpool in the alleged summer of 1924. I had taken my wife Home (as the old country is always referred to in Australia), promising myself the pleasure of showing her what a lovely country Great Britain is; but, unfortunately, the fates were not propitious. There may have been fine days that summer, but they must have been fine where we were not. However, walking past Rushworth and Dreaper's music shop on my way to the Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool, my eye was caught by a yellow covered journal bearing the familiar words "Gramophone" and "Compton Mackenzie." I went in and purchased a copy, looked through the Art Gallery, then sat down in the tea room for some afternoon tea, opened THE GRAMOPHONE, and at once became enthralled with the contents. Here, although I had not known it, was a long-felt want now adequately filled, and I went back and purchased all their back numbers and before leaving England became a subscriber and now I look forward eagerly to every succeeding number. I find the contents interesting, informative, provocative. I do not agree with everything that is said, with some things I violently disagree, but I feel that all criticisms are fair, fearless and unbiased. As a busy man I have no time to spend hours in music shops listening to records, therefore it is of inestimable value to be able to buy on THE GRAMOPHONE's recommendations. Rarely have I been disappointed, although I have had disappointments. Our Editor grew lyrical about the first Sistine Choir record. It may be good, but up to date it makes no appeal to me, and I feel it was 10s. 6d. wasted. *L'après midi* on Vocalion also received high commendation, undeservedly I think. These, however, are but slight blemishes, and were you to go through my index you would find that nearly every record has been purchased through the recommendation of THE GRAMOPHONE, and nearly every record, high, middle, or low brow is thoroughly enjoyed. . . .

Finally, the only complaint I have about THE GRAMOPHONE is that Mr. Mackenzie writes so little in it. Not for one moment would I depreciate any other of the contributors—I read, re-read, and read again every contributor's dicta (except

one, and wild horses shall not drag his identity from me), but there is something appealing in Mr. Mackenzie's lectures to us. He talks, not pontifically, but as one plain man to another; hence I value his recommendations above all others. Never, for example, shall I cease to thank him for introducing to me Virginia Rea in *L'heure exquise*, one of the most appealing little things on any record I believe.—JOHN McLOBERT, Cooinoo, Bromley Avenue, Cremorne, Sydney, N.S.W.

III.—... I had frequently regretted the scarcity of literature on the subject of gramophones and records, and when I learned that there was a magazine which dealt with those matters, I hastened to send in my subscription. The first copy of THE GRAMOPHONE which came to hand exceeded my expectations. It provided me with so much interesting and instructive information on my favourite subject that, though I lost part of a night's sleep through sitting up late to read it, I felt amply compensated for the loss.

I quickly realised that the magazine had placed me in touch with the most recent developments in the gramophone world. Its unbiased criticisms of new devices calculated to improve reproduction have enabled me to form an opinion as to their respective merits, and that before they have appeared on the market in Tasmania. The copious analytical notes and first reviews of records have proved invaluable, for by the time these records are released in Tasmania, I have been able to decide which of them are most likely to appeal to me. Thus the danger of overlooking many desirable discs is avoided.

As a lover of Mozart, I have derived much useful information from Mr. Francis E. Terry's notes on the recorded works of the master; and my future choice of Mozartian records will be largely guided by his advice.

It has also been of great interest to me to note the views of other readers of THE GRAMOPHONE, and to compare them with my own. I feel that I am in touch with the great majority of gramophone lovers, and I realise as I had never before realised, how widespread the popularity of the gramophone really is.

THE GRAMOPHONE has done this for me, and doubtless it has done the same for countless numbers of others. It has supplied a want which has been felt long and keenly, and therefore it merits the whole-hearted support of gramophone enthusiasts throughout the English-speaking world.—C. G. MORRISBY, Baskerville, Old Beach, Tasmania, Australia.

IV.—In a country where no music is performed publicly, and no orchestra therefore to be heard at any price, a gramophone is more of a boon to the music lover than anyone in England, with the money to buy a seat at the Queen's Hall and the ability to get there, can readily imagine. The stalest piece of bread is of greater value to the starving than the finest diamond ever mined.

... I have no doubt that good music can, in certain cases, contribute much to the maintenance of balance in a mind attuned to its appeal when beset by such difficulties as frequently occur in countries like Kenya. And, anyway, my gramophone has most certainly kept me happy if it hasn't, as I fondly believe, kept me sane!

But it has done more even than that, for it has gained me a friend and discovered a new joy in life—an appreciation of music—to a neighbour.

The latter owned a gramophone, but played only light music on it. From hearing mine he soon saw to what uses he could turn his own. And now, without ever having heard a Queen's Hall concert, he is familiar with much of the greatest music. Not knowing what a real orchestra sounds like he was perfectly content with a sound-box which distorted the music to an incredible extent. Nay! because he was accustomed to it he even preferred the sound of his own machine to that of mine, which was unquestionably nearer to the real thing. I might persuade him of the fact that the reproduction on my gramophone more nearly represented the

actual sound of a real orchestra playing, but not that it was a more agreeable sound. Probably I was unconvincing. And this is where THE GRAMOPHONE comes in. It has instructed us all and put us all on the right road as to the mechanics of the gramophone, what it can do and how it can be made to do it. I personally never came to know of THE GRAMOPHONE's existence until a very few months ago, when on leave in England. No kind friend had thought of sending it to me. And it is not the kind of paper one expects to find on sale in a place like Nairobi!

I have only been a subscriber since November last, but when a mail brings me a bundle of home papers I open THE GRAMOPHONE last—just as one leaves the best letter to be opened after all the others have been read!

THE GRAMOPHONE has already helped me to get better results from my machine through the tips I have picked up in its columns; to prolong the use of my records by proper use; to avoid the purchase of records which have some fault in their manufacture; and to buy others, to my lasting pleasure, that I should not otherwise have ventured upon but for its recommendation.

Best of all I believe it is mainly responsible for the recent vast increase in the output of good gramophone music. And it is in this respect I feel it has done most for me, and for which I am most grateful.—R. C. F., Kenya Colony.

V.—... The gramophone has provided me with an all-absorbing study and a certain refuge in times of mental distress. And with deeper knowledge of the masters has come much breadth of thought, power of concentration, keenness of mind, greater understanding of life and contempt for many of its trivialities, indulgence towards human weaknesses, contentment, patience, and not least of all, an undefinable ecstasy, an ecstasy the possession of all gifted with the ability to recognise true beauty. Granted, of course, that all this, and possibly more, is the outcome of the study of music, but when a gramophile writes of his gramophone, he writes of music as well. The gramophone, at least, has made the music possible. Without it I should, like many another, have found such a study impossible. My activities would doubtless have been limited to rare concert room performances; as it is, I possess my own concert room and my own choice of programme.

To turn from the benefits of the machine to Mr. Mackenzie's own enterprise, I have so many enthusiastic things to say, that it is a little difficult to place them in systematic order. I am attracted first by THE GRAMOPHONE's entirely personal and friendly atmosphere. It assists me materially, too, with its criticisms and well-informed articles; but its greatest attraction is its progressive spirit which, like the subject of Strauss' tone-poem, makes the barrier a stirrup and ever higher and onward climbs! THE GRAMOPHONE has brought me into touch with fellow enthusiasts and the gramophone world at large. It has made me one of a very cheery and zealous band whose tastes and aspirations are my own, and for this service alone it deserves my ardent support. For the many fine results of its activities I am immeasurably thankful. THE GRAMOPHONE is, it is true, still a youthful pioneer in a somewhat unexplored country, but it will go far, and I hope that I shall journey with it.—H. L. WILSON, Hongkong.

THOUGHTS ON MUSIC

Compiled by HERVEY ELWES.

6s. net (postage 6d.)

FROM

THE GRAMOPHONE, 58, Frith St., London, W.1

ROBIN LEGGE in the *Daily Telegraph* says:—

"A most desirable book . . . Many of the criticisms drawn together under one roof, as it were, are of utmost value, the very crystallisation of criticism. The author has done his work well indeed."

CHAMBER MUSIC COMPETITION

BY an oversight no date was given for closing the Bentry for the little essays on "Why I don't like Chamber Music," and a good many were received after the Editor had awarded the prize to Mr. John Locke (May, page 545). It has therefore been decided to offer a further set of the Columbia records of Schubert's *Trout Quintet* (L.1698-1702), five records in an album, value 32s. 6d.) and to ask our readers to be kind enough to decide which of the following essays most deserves this prize.

Will you please send a postcard to THE GRAMOPHONE, 58, Frith Street, London, W. 1, by July 10th, registering your vote for A, B, C, D, or E?

WHY I DON'T LIKE CHAMBER MUSIC.

A.—Chamber music is generally described as being suitable for production in a room considerably smaller than the usual concert room. This necessitates that the number of performers be reduced in order that the tone should not be too great for the room. This is the root of a most serious objection to chamber music. There is a considerable lack of body in a quartet—the thrill of a full orchestra being lost when transferred to four players. With this also may be coupled the loss of effect due to the same reason. There is only one type of music suitable for chamber performance, and that is rather serious. It needs more than strings with an occasional clarinet or oboe to make me appreciate the very varied moods of mankind. It is also very necessary that the performers are in sympathy with one another; for this reason most amateur work is worthless, as one brush can easily spoil the picture.

Another objection is the general tunelessness of chamber music. Where the composer has only a few instruments to deal with he is able to sacrifice melody for ornamentation, and we find he produces a very intricate network of musical embroidery. To the pure technician this is a great delight, but to the audience, unless the standard of musical education is high, it is apt to become boring. In this respect there is a loss of melody and one finds it difficult to recall to the mind a certain quartet by means of some outstanding theme.

It is obvious, though, that the chief objection to chamber music is that before it can be appreciated the hearer must be educated up to its standard, which is high. It is due to a lack of this quality that I can ascribe my present dislike for chamber music.

B.—A dislike may lie anywhere between the extremes of a distinct loathing and a mere boredom, but my complete lack of appreciation of chamber music is, I think, more nearly associated to the latter. It does not openly irritate me, but rather does it fill me with an "ennui" and a desire for that acme of perfection in musical interpretation—a well-conducted orchestra of competent performers.

The great majority of my auditions of chamber music are through the medium of the gramophone, and my case may be best understood if I mention some particular works. Brahms, whose symphonies I put first in all music, supplied his *B flat Sextet* with excellent thematic material, but all his nobility and depth of feeling are lost. Instead we suffer a purely empty composition with muddy scoring that shows up to ill advantage with the small number of instruments; but the last movement had it been written for full orchestra would conceivably have been one of his finest works!

For sheer tuneful and harmonic charm it would be difficult to better Mozart in his three most famous symphonies, but his quartets in comparison are thin and commonplace. Beethoven's *F major* and *Harp* quartets bore me to distraction. It is almost unbelievable that the composer of nine wonderful symphonies should be so utterly futile. Schubert's songs and symphonies I adore, yet in his *E flat Piano Trio* and *C major quintet* he perpetrates a vain and painful repetition of his material which results in undue length and of which one rapidly tires.

In fact, chamber music *in toto* is to me devoid of expression in comparison with the marvellous works of such a man as Wagner,

whose masterly handling of orchestration, together with a superb and unexcelled knowledge of the drama, seems to me the most perfect form of musical expression.

C.—Peter Dont was his name. He was a real good fellow, and I have spent many happy evenings at his house, enjoying his society and that of his wife, who was an excellent cook.

A few years ago Peter took it into his head to buy a gramophone. It was quite a good machine, and as I had no objection to listening to gramophone music my subsequent visits were transformed into gramophone recitals. At first all was well. There were some jolly band records of the Black Diamonds, humorous records by Tom Foy and Geo. Formby, ballads and other similar things that anyone can appreciate and enjoy.

One evening, however, he greeted me with an intimation that he had risen a step in matters musical and trotted out with pride Boccherini's *Minuet for Strings* and somebody else's *La Cinquaintaine* (that's spelt wrongly, but let it pass). "Chamber music, *mon ami*," said he, with evident elation. These must needs be played over quite a number of times, and they are a bit monotonous, aren't they?

On my next visit, about a month later, I found him "translated" —an absolute highbrow. Sonatas, quartets, trios, quite a library of them. But, worse than that, infinitely worse, he had been bitten with the sound-box fly, and I had to listen to these pieces, first with steel needles, then fibre, then tungstyle, and each with half a dozen different sound-boxes, each worse than the last. Finally he said: "Now I'll just try it with this; it's an idea of my own." "Oh Peter, don't!" said his wife. "Oh Peter, don't," said I. But Peter did.

So that's why I don't like chamber music.

D.—Before going into the objections I have for chamber music, I should say that I do not find it an actual ordeal to sit through a performance of a chamber composition, but I have a decided preference for any kind of less intimate music. I mean, if I could afford to buy plenty of records my choice would be for about one of chamber combinations to a dozen of the orchestra. At present the only serious chamber work that I possess is Haydn's *Quartet*, Op. 64, No. 6, and from this and from single hearings of other works I have formed my views. I do not venture to assert these criticisms as more than opinions, for I am only 17, and, of course, I should be very glad to find them too severe.

To begin with, it seems that a piece of chamber music can never be anything but a very delicate composition. In spirit it may be virile and even martial, but still its tone must always be gentle and unassertive. The result is that listeners must put themselves into an entirely different frame of mind when about to hear chamber music from that with which they would receive any other kind. Through the whole recital they must remain in a mood for enjoying sweetness and fragility.

This leads to the second objection, which is that the instruments of true chamber music—strings—have very much the same tone and can only play softly, so that if the somewhat brighter wood-wind or piano are introduced—these, too, must play softly for fear of swamping the strings. Thus the composer, to avoid monotony, must concentrate on producing harmonic and melodic effects to carry the work through, and I have yet to find a work in which this seems successful.

E.—The great objection I have to chamber music is that it is too long-drawn-out, too leisurely. It may be natural for the slow-moving, contemplative Teuton to like chamber music, and no doubt it gives him a mild emotional stimulus, the spiritual counterpart of his mild beer-drinking habit. Did not Brahms, the last of the voluminous chamber music writers, evolve his unending chamber music movements whilst he built up a mountainous pile of saucers which marked his beerly indebtedness to his host? But, for my part, I am an Imperial Englishman; a member of an active restless race, down the ages, who began by roving the seas and conquering this fair isle and half the earth, and ended by playing football—or watching it—every Saturday afternoon. No! Chamber music is against the spirit of our race, and I don't like it. It is also contrary to the spirit of modernity; for what is modernity? It is America. Chamber music cannot be syncopated like symphonies, and you cannot have it on the saxophone—that refined instrument. Moreover, the uplift of chamber music lacks pep.

Chamber music was in the hey-day of its heavenly length when the world was a simple and spacious place to live in. To-day life is a hectic struggle. It may be remarked as a sign of the times that chamber music is not now being written to any extent. Our eminent composers, and their name is legion, merely write one quartet, like Debussy or Ravel or Vaughan Williams, or one quintet, like Elgar or Bax, and having thus satisfied themselves that they are in the direct line of descent from the great masters, they abandon that art-form in favour of something more colourful. There are two factors, however, which may work a change, and in recording my present dislike of chamber music I do so with a reservation as to the future. One is the Australians who are likely so to develop our

patience whilst we sit watching them bat that we may become capable of sitting through even a complete movement of chamber music. The other is the influence of that great and august body, "the force," of whom it has been truly said that its members never go anywhere; they merely proceed in the direction of somewhere. The analogy with chamber music is complete and when this is realised by the force, it will be captured by it; that is to say, the force will capture chamber music or chamber music will capture the force, and we in our turn may then be captured either by chamber music or the force, its physical, or shall I say corporeal, embodiment, or both.



TRADE WINDS AND IDLE ZEPHYRS

June Competition

There is still time to enter for the competition, ye mute critics! Entries do not close till the 5th of this month. If you have never yet written a letter to the Editor, read the particulars of the Competition in the June number (p. 21); and then write at once to tell us how to improve THE GRAMOPHONE. Help us to continue the features which you like, to discontinue those which you hate, and to add those which you want. *Cras amet qui nunquam amavit, quique amavit cras amet!*

Chamber Music

Eighteen months ago every member of the N.G.S. received a List of Recorded Chamber Music, which was also available for the general public at 6d. (postage 1d.). A Supplement, bringing the list up to date and adding Polydors, has now been distributed free to members, and can be sold to any of our readers for 3d. The original List with the Supplement costs, with postage, 10d. The Supplement can be cut up and pasted into the blank pages of the List. References to reviews in THE GRAMOPHONE are given, so that the whole List is a pretty complete guide to all the records of chamber music available in all the catalogues.

The Sackbut

The Editor's article on "The Sensitive Critic" in the June number of *The Sackbut* amplified his remarks on Mr. Ernest Newman in the last number of THE GRAMOPHONE, and it is probable that a good many of our readers have made acquaintance, for that reason, with the excellent musical review which is edited by Miss Ursula Greville. Miss Greville is, of course, a distinguished singer even more than a distinguished editress, and her recital at the Grotian Hall on June 10th—in company with the American tenor, Mr. Lawrence Strauss—was marked by the first performance in England of three new songs by Malipiero, as well as of a charming group of early eighteenth century melodies which Miss Greville had herself unearthed from the British Museum. It was clear from their reception that several of the melodies are real finds which will soon be established in popular favour.

The Handel Festival

It has not taken long for the electrical process of recording to spread its wings for daring flights. Paul Whiteman, at the Albert Hall, records the raptures of the audience as well as the virtuosity of his orchestra; the Military Tattoo at Aldershot, like the Wembley Tattoo of last summer, is bottled for posterity; and even on one evening while one company was recording Dame Nellie Melba's singing and speechifying at Covent Garden, another was busy recording the Handel Festival at the Crystal Palace, where Sir Henry Wood was conducting an orchestra of 500 and a chorus of 3,000 performers in selections from Handel's operas and miscellaneous works. These are stupendous occasions; and the phrase, "worthy to be put on record," has now acquired a new significance.

Columbia's Record Profit

The news of a 40 per cent. dividend for the lucky shareholders of the Columbia Graphophone Co. again this year brings the usual crop of letters suggesting that the price of records ought to be lowered. It is a legitimate suggestion, and we sincerely hope that the recording companies will anticipate the public demand for a reduction in the price, at any rate, of celebrity records. But

this need not prevent any one of us from rejoicing in the prosperity of the industry and from wishing the Columbia and all the other companies bumper seasons and big dividends. Fat men will generally be found to be the most kind-hearted; and our only fear should be that as the companies wax fat on dance records they may kick against the pricks of those who incessantly plead for good music at low prices. But of this there is no indication at present; and a comparison of, for instance, the market value of a Columbia share and the monthly bulletin of records issued when THE GRAMOPHONE was started as against the market value and the bulletins of to-day, would convince anyone but a sceptic that—how shall we put it?—THE GRAMOPHONE has not worked in vain.

Miniature Scores

The miniature score habit with gramophone records of classical music has grown with THE GRAMOPHONE, and it is no exaggeration to say that as many scores are now bought for use with a gramophone as for use in the concert hall. Members of the National Gramophonic Society have often suggested that the miniature scores should be issued to them with the records as a matter of routine. But this seems unnecessary, since all our regular readers have received from us the complete catalogues of Eulenburg and Philharmonia miniature scores issued by Messrs. Goodwin and Tabb (1924), Ltd., and by Messrs. Hawkes and Son respectively; or can easily obtain them and keep them for reference. Messrs. Hawkes have lately issued an extremely useful list of symphonic records which include chamber music, for which Philharmonia scores are available, taken from the Columbia, H.M.V., Parlophone and Vocalion lists; and the enterprise of a brochure of this kind is heartily to be encouraged by all gramophiles.

At the same time it is worth while to draw attention to the comprehensive catalogue of miniature scores issued by Messrs. Chester and Sons, 11, Great Marlborough Street, London, W. 1. This includes Philharmonia and Eulenburg scores, as well as many others, and is therefore perhaps the best guide of all for the amateur. It costs 1s., but probably any reader who wrote for it and mentioned THE GRAMOPHONE would not be required to pay for a catalogue.

The Musicians' Club

It is to be noted that "The Musicians' Club, London," now has an office at 74, Grosvenor Street, W. 1. The Hon. Sec. and Treasurer is Mr. Joseph Ivimey.

The Cobbett Gold Medal

The third award of this coveted medal "for services to the art of chamber music" was made the other day at a Court dinner of the Musicians' Company, to Mr. Alfred J. Clements; a very happy choice this, excellently carrying out the intention of the founder; for Mr. Clements is not only a great authority on chamber music and an amateur violinist of distinction, but he has earned the gratitude of all lovers of music by the faithful and unostentatious organisation of the South Place chamber music concerts during the last forty years. Tribute has already been paid in these columns to the fine record of the South Place Institute, which had, up to the end of last season, given no less than 980 concerts; and the honour which Mr. Clements now shares with Mr. T. F. Dunhill and Mrs. Coolidge, the previous recipients of the Cobbett Gold Medal, is identified with the record of the Institute and the activities in which he has done so much to maintain a high standard.

Index to Vol. III

The index (2s., postage 1d.) has been sent to those who wrote early for it, and has apparently given satisfaction. It is, in fact, an almost indispensable guide not only to the pages of THE GRAMOPHONE, but to the events and issues of the last twelve months in the gramophone world.

Weight Adjusters

The weight adjuster designed for us by Mr. P. Wilson for H.M.V. goose-neck tone-arms has proved itself a great success, and the problem of constructing one to fit straight (Columbia) tone-arms has now been solved by him. It will cost 10s. (postage 3d.), and orders can now be received at the London office for it. We hope to have the first batch ready by the 15th of the month.

Velvet Face Records

Velvet Face and Winner records are generally reviewed by H. T. B. under New-Poor Records, though they may soon, we hope, be promoted to the open class. They are manufactured by the pioneers of the gramophone in this country, Messrs. J. E. Hough Ltd., and though the firm must always be mentally associated with the name of the late Mr. J. E. Hough, its founder and the father of the gramophone industry, whose death was so widely mourned by those who knew him, yet the news that Messrs. J. E. Hough Ltd., will in future be known as "Edison Bell Ltd." revives in a pleasant way memories of the earlier history of the house of Edison Bell, which now extends to over thirty years.

Zonophone Catalogue

Zonophones and Regals were the first of the cheaper makes of records to succumb to the new electrical recording, which gives them a distinction in the eyes of many who cannot afford the more expensive experiments. But the new Zonophone Catalogue (up to June, 1926) is a timely reminder of all the good things which have been obtainable on Zonophones for many years and which have held their own in popularity—the 33 Harry Lauder records, the 63 Peter Dawsons, the 42 Sydney Colthams, the 25 Max Darewski solos, the 23 violin and Mustel organ records of the sisters Southgate; the Black Diamonds Band, Olly Oakley, George Formby, Chief Cantor Sirota, Melville Gideon, to mention only a few names; and even that historical record, *A Whistling Yarn*, made by the ever-memorable G. H. Snazelle himself.

Weber

The centenary of Carl Maria Friedrich Ernst von Weber's death was marked by an article from the pen of Mr. Herman Klein in our last issue, and as soon as the topical issue of Weber records dies down we hope to publish a list of all that are available, as has already been done with the recorded works of Richard Strauss and Debussy. Meanwhile, if any reader has any out-of-the-way records of Weber's music, details would be welcome. The June number of *The Chesterian* is devoted to Weber and is full of interesting articles, which should not be missed by any Weber lover.

This has, of course, nothing to do with the subject of "Vintage Webers," which is discussed in this number.

Elgar and Delius

By the way, it is worth remembering that *The Midland Musician* has set an admirable example to all musical papers by appending a list of gramophone records to articles on composers. Elgar, in the February number, Delius in the March, and De Falla in the May-June number are so treated. This is, to us, one of the most refreshing features of Mr. Sydney Grew's admirable magazine.

Obituary

Mr. E. A. Graham, whose lamentable death occurred last month after an operation, was the head of the firm of Messrs. Alfred Graham and Co., the makers of the Algraphone. Latterly the firm has relegated its gramophones, which are of the highest quality, to a subservient position in view of the enormous success of the wireless department; and no doubt it was to Amplion developments that Mr. Graham devoted all his later energies. Only recently we were urging him to turn his attention more seriously to the combination of wireless and gramophone, in which his firm was the pioneer; and it is a matter of real regret that

with his charming and forceful personality he has not lived to see the next stage in the evolution of the two branches of reproduced music to which he had given so much of his life and genius.

The Musical Times

Congratulations to our venerable and evergreen contemporary on its 1000th issue! Eighty-two years is a respectable age in journalism and makes *The Musical Times* easily the *doyen* of English musical papers. May it still be going strong when it congratulates THE GRAMOPHONE on its 1000th issue.

Orchorsol Flexibility

It is a little too early to decide whether the Orchorsol Company has really done the trick and produced the adjustable sound-box which everyone has been wanting. If the claim is justified and if the man who is not mechanically minded can twiddle a screw and so obtain vastly better results for each kind of record, there should be no bounds to our gratitude. Even the least sensitive of us has begun to realise that the same conditions will not suit old recordings and new recordings; and even the most enthusiastic of Lifebelters has found that the resilience of the rubber is too great on some records. But now he can either buy an entirely new adjustable sound-box or else he can keep his old sound-box and Lifebelt and can buy the adjustable apparatus for the Lifebelt alone. If he does neither the one nor the other he will probably get rheumatism or worse from sitting over long on the fence.

Electric Polydors

Wasn't there some talk in the press not long ago about the man at Hamburg who had trained forty canaries to sing part songs? Now comes news that the achievement, whatever it may be, has been recorded on Polydors. An amusing record to let loose in the middle of the night in one of those up-river settlements. Needless to say, recording is now done electrically by Polydor, and we are promised as first fruits Mozart's *E flat Symphony*, as well as *Heldenleben*, under the supervision of Dr. Richard Strauss.

The Federation Directory

The large increase of the size of "The Directory of the British Music Industries, 1926," is an indication of the increased activities of the Federation itself, and the present volume is a complete guide to all Manufacturers, Wholesalers, Retailers and Publishers of the musical world of the United Kingdom. Every member of the gramophone trade should belong to the Federation of British Music Industries, whose offices are at 117, Great Portland Street, London, W.1, if only in order to obtain this useful year-book.



BOOK REVIEW

BEETHOVEN'S Op. 18 QUARTETS — W. H. Hadow (Oxford University Press, 1/6).

Sir Henry Hadow is constantly placing us in his debt. Not long ago his splendid little "History of Music" in the Home University Library appeared, then the valuable Henry Sidgwick Essay on the relation between poetry and music was published by the Cambridge University Press, and now comes a useful book on the early Beethoven quartets in the Musical Pilgrim series.

Critics of Musical Appreciation are constantly urging that the listener should "do" something so as to prevent his listening in a flabby way. If he reads this little book in conjunction with the scores and records of the quartets he will have quite enough to occupy himself with.

Sir Henry alludes to the recorded versions of the quartets in general, but gives no list of them. This is the only flaw in a book which solves very happily the problem of analysing music without becoming too technical and talking about it without unnecessary or flowery verbiage. The author's wide reading, in and out of music, gives his books a peculiar value such as no others, especially those concocted by the professional musician, quite possess.

N. P.

NOTES AND QUERIES

[Each comment or question should be written clearly on a separate slip of paper and addressed to THE GRAMOPHONE, 58, Frith Street, W. 1, as early as possible in the month. Full name and address must in all cases be given for reference.]

(412) **Suggestions for Recording.**—I would suggest Charles Dancla's "Romance and Bolero" to Mr. Kreisler for his consideration. It would fill a d.s. 12in. record adequately. There is a "Symphonie Concertante" by Dancla for two violins which the two d'Aranyi ladies would play gloriously. Here are some other works which I fancy it would pay the companies to record: (a) "Quartet (Pleyel, Op. 48, No. 4 andante)"; (b) two songs sung by Mr. Hugh Mackay, of the Arts League of Service, every year, "Sleeps the noon in the deep blue sky" and "Oh, Nancy's hair is yellow like gold"; (c) a few Scottish strathspeys by a competent violinist.—J. E., Edinburgh.

(413) **Best Versions Wanted** of the following: (a) "One fine day" ("Madame Butterfly"); (b) "Shadow Song" ("Dinorah"); (c) "The Lute Player" (Allitsen); (d) "O for the wings of a dove" (Mendelssohn); (e) Overture to "A Midsummer Night's Dream" (Mendelssohn).—R. C. S., Stoke Newington.

[(a) Destinn, H.M.V., D.B.647; (b) Galli-Curci, H.M.V., D.B.260.—"Piccolo."]

(414) **A Correction.**—In Mr. W. A. Hudson's letter on organ records (June, p. 28) "I. Kendrick Pym" should have read "J. Kendrick Pyne." We regret the printer's error. Dr. Pyne is, of course, the famous pupil of his famous father, J. K. Pyne, and of Samuel Sebastian Wesley; born at Bath in 1852, he retired from most of his musical activities at Manchester in 1913; but is said by our correspondent to play "as well as ever he did."—Ed.

(415) **Organ Recording.**—On H.M.V., E.415, "The Question," at the sixth bar from the end the melody is continued by the bass and played on the pedals. On my gramophone this particular bit of bass is quite a success, the rest of the pedal work being almost inaudible. In my opinion the reason for this is that the organist has used either a reed or a pungent metal stop such as the violone for this passage. I should like therefore to suggest that future recorders of organ music would possibly produce more successful records by using this quality of tone for all their pedal passages—only when recording, of course.—F. C., Huddersfield.

(416) **Flora Woodman.**—Mr. Naunton-Rushen's is the first appreciation I have seen in print (May, p. 571) of Flora Woodman, whose singing never fails to entrance me. Have we such a wealth of great sopranos that we can allow such an one to go unrecorded?—C. F. R., Barnsbury Park, N. 1.

[There were six d.s. H.M.V. records by Flora Woodman in the 1921 list; had they sold well they would doubtless have been in the current list.]

(417) **Antarctica.**—"Scrutator" may be interested to know that the third movement of Howard Carr's "Three Heroes" Suite is dedicated to Lieut. Oates and depicts his immortal sacrifice. This work has not, to my knowledge, yet been recorded.—"Nemo," High Wycombe.

(418) **Records Wanted.**—Could any reader say if Tchaikovsky's "Chant Elegiaque" or Kiel's romance for strings, "An Evening Song," has been recorded?—A. O. E., Harrogate.

(419) **Sims Reeves.**—(See June, p. 4.) I enclose a list of a few more Sims Reeves songs: (i) "Geraldine" (Francesco Berger), (ii) "The Distant Shore" (Sullivan), (iii) "The Message" (Blumenthal), (iv) "My Heart will Hear," (v) "The Romany Lass" (Stephen Adam), (vi) "Will he come?" (Sullivan), (vii) "Margarita" (F. Löhner), (viii) "Adieu, Marie" (Adams), (ix) "All in All" (Sir F. Cowen). Most of these were sung by Joe Maas and Edward Lloyd.—R. E. S., Birmingham.

(420) **Gramophone Adjustment.**—(See 391 and 405.) I have tried the Sorbo rubber balls, having fixed them to my table grand machine by means of four very fine nails minus their heads, which will sink into the rubber; and I find the surface noise and motor grind almost neutral and the tone decidedly better. I proved it at a concert given by me to a large audience in a big school-room, and the verdict was that the machine was at its best.—L. M., Leicester.

[A set of four Sorbo hemispherical rubbers can be obtained for 1s. at most wireless shops.—Ed. Rather stiffer rubbers can also be obtained at most ironmongers and answer well.—"Piccolo."]

(421) **Recordings Wanted.**—(a) In view of the increasing popularity of the double-bass as a solo instrument, will one of the companies give us some records of solos on it, by Koussevitsky, Claude Hobday, Victor Watson, or other virtuosi? (b) May we have new recordings, by Peter Dawson on H.M.V., of "A Rollicking, Rolling Stone" and "Farewell in the Desert," in place of the old inferior Zonophone versions? (c) Will the Gramophone Company please give English gramophonists access to the list of discontinued Victor Red Seal Records?—J. N.-R., Beckenham.

(422) **Debussy's Music.**—Your valuable list of records (May, 1926) of Debussy's music omits the following: (a) "Toccata," played by P. Grainger, H.M.V., D.353; (b) "Reverie," played by Adela Fachiri, Voc. K.05198; (c) "Prelude," played by Mark Hambourg, H.M.V., D.69. When will some enterprising company give us records of Debussy's incidental music to d'Annunzio's "Le Martyre de St. Sebastien," the six parts of which would make three wonderful 12in. d.s. discs, excerpts from "Pelléas et Melisande," and "Les Danseuses de Delphes," and "Ondine," played by William Murdoch?—G. K., Lyndhurst, Hants.

(423) **Records Wanted.**—Can you or any of your readers kindly give me a list of records of songs after the style of the song from "The Barber of Seville," entitled "Largo al Factotum"? I have the above by Stracciari (Columbia) and am so impressed by the technique of the singing that I should like to know what other records there are as good as this. If such a list would be too long, perhaps a reader could give me say half a dozen titles, preferably on Columbia. I have to order such records without hearing them in advance and then have to buy them even if I dislike them, so with expensive records I cannot afford to take risks.—P. D., Lewisham.

[There are plenty of records in which the vocal technique is superlatively good, but arias similar in style to "Largo al Factotum" are, I am afraid, mainly conspicuous by their absence from record catalogues. Perhaps one of the companies will be good enough to oblige with "Udite, o rustici" from Donizetti's "L'Elisir d'Amore" and "I miei rampolli femminini" from Rossini's "Cenerentola"; at present they are only available on old Fonotipia records. "Manca un foglio" from "Il Barbiere," with adequate orchestral support, would also be very acceptable. Meanwhile, I think P.D. would probably like the following: "La calunnia è un venticello" (Mardones, Col. A.5200); "Non più andrai" (Battistini, H.M.V., D.B.736); "Ah, my pretty brace of fellows" (Radford, Zono. G.O.26 (reverse poor); H.M.V., D.114 (reverse good)); "Una voce poco fa" (Galli-Curci, H.M.V., D.B.261, or Bronskaja, Col. A.5209); "Pronta io son" and "Vado, corro" (de Luca and Bori, H.M.V., D.K.102); "Madamina" (Chaliapin, H.M.V., D.A.555); "La Danza" (Caruso, H.M.V., D.B.141).—"Piccolo."]



ANSWERS TO QUERIES

[Answers must be written on separate slips and should be forwarded to THE GRAMOPHONE, 58, Frith Street, London, W. 1, as early in the month as possible.]

(394) (a) H.M.V., D.1025-6; (b) H.M.V., D.1031; (c) Voc. K.05157-8; (d) H.M.V., D.590; (f) H.M.V., D.1080.—A. C. R., Plymouth.

(a) H.M.V., D.1025-6; (b) Col. L.1550-1 (more complete than and superior to H.M.V., D.1031); (c) Voc. K.05157-8; (d) H.M.V., D.590; (e) Parlophone E.10242-4; (f) Col. L.1636 (or H.M.V., D.1080).—D. W. C., Salisbury.

(a) and (b) San Francisco Symphony Orch. (Victor); (c) little to choose between Col. and H.M.V.; (d) Parlophone (the H.M.V. recording is inferior and music lacking in dignity because it is played too fast); (f) Col., cond. by Walter.—Another Correspondent.

(396) I can recommend the following Odeons: R.X.X.80738, duet from "Mona Lisa"; R.X.50715-17-19-21, "Frauenliebe und Leben" cycle, by Culp; U.X.52874, "Gesang Weyla's" and "Feldeinsamkeit," by Culp; U.X.52876, "Du bist die Ruh" and "Nacht und Träume," by Culp; A.A.57615, "Litanei" and "Widmung"; and A.A.57616, "Komm, wir wandeln" and "Ich liebe dich" both by Parbs-Krause; A.A.57811, "Morgen".

and "Frage und Antwort," by Elisabeth Schumann; R.X.X.76205, "Der Lenz" and "Ein Traum"; R.X.X.76209, "Verborgene Liebe" and "Der Frühling"; R.X.X.76755, "Zueignung" and "Ruhe meine Seele"; R.X.X.80082, "Morgen" and "Liebesfeier" (last four records by Tauber); A.A.79174, "Variations" from Schumann's "Quartet in A major" (very fine).—A Correspondent.

(399) Drdla.—Dr. Eaglefield Hull's "Dictionary of Modern Music and Musicians" says that Franz Drdla, Hungarian violinist and composer, was born at Saar, Sept. 28th, 1868; studied under Hellmsberger at the Vienna Conservatoire; was in the Vienna opera orchestra for three years, then leader of the orchestra at the Theater an der Wien; then conductor at the Carl Theater. He made many concert tours and now lives in New York.—Ed.

(401) (a) The concerto mentioned is Beethoven's "First in C major, Op. 15."—G. W., Oldham.

(402) I cannot trace any other band record of the "7th Humoreske," but Voc. X.9524, by the Life Guard's Band contains Nos. 1, 3 and 5, and can be thoroughly recommended.—D. W. C., Salisbury.

(404) (a) H.M.V., D.137, (b) H.M.V., D.160, both by Royal Albert Hall Orchestra; they were recently re-recorded and are now excellent. An excellent second best to H.M.V., D.160 is Col. 3605.—D. W. C., Salisbury.

(409) If H. R., Taunton, will send me his name and address I shall be only too pleased to supply him with a list of "cuts" in the H.M.V. records of "Die Meistersinger" as they occur in the full miniature score (Schott's edition).—A. C. Rolston, 14, The Crescent, Plymouth.

(410) The best of the cheap records are, in same order as in question: Vel. Face 1029; Zono. 469; Col. 3345; Zono. 209 Zono. 2296 or 1574; Homochord H.397.—M. J., Lewes.



CORRESPONDENCE

De Gustibus Non Est Disputandum.

[All letters and manuscripts should be written on one side only of the paper and should be addressed to the Editor, The Gramophone, 58, Frith Street, London, W.1. The writer's full name and address must be given. A stamped envelope must be enclosed if an answer or the return of the manuscript is desired. The Editor wishes to emphasise the obvious fact that the publication of letters does not imply his agreement with the views expressed by correspondents.]

(To the Editor of THE GRAMOPHONE.)

DEAR SIR,—I am offering my heartfelt gratitude for all you have done for me since first taking up THE GRAMOPHONE in January, 1924. It is with deep emotion that I say you have helped me, through music, to attain heights I never dreamed of. Many times when I am moved by some piece of Beethoven you are silently thanked. Would that I could express all I feel towards you, but it is beyond expression on paper.

Almost the whole of my collection are records recommended by you. Among the first dozen I procured was the *Spring Sonata* and on the first hearing I was thrilled and very much moved by it. I felt quite proud of my success with it when I came across a paragraph where you stated you found it wasn't quite successful with listeners of merely average taste. I've tried to fit the sonata in with various aspects of beautiful scenery I have seen here in the Peak district, Derbyshire, but of no avail. I think I must have been running my head against a blank wall. Now I just sit back and enjoy it as a beautiful piece of work.

Thanks to you I have made giant strides in the appreciation of chamber music since first hearing the *Spring Sonata*. My sole hobby is the gramophone, and when I state I am only a clerk with a moderate wage and a wife and child you will see I can afford no other. Many times during these last two years have I come from the dealers six miles away with little over my car-fare home, but quite happy in the knowledge of hours of pleasure to be derived from the records bought.

I viewed with trepidation your article the other month on throwing up the sponge if your readers didn't buy the good works you mentioned. No doubt you did feel disgusted, for there must be plenty of readers who are in a position to afford your recommendations right away, whilst such poor devils as I have a waiting list a mile long, and I wonder if you do realise, dear sir, how many records you have spoken well of these last two years. Anyway, I have placed the César Franck Quartet at the head of affairs, but it's impossible to get it as yet, having only just settled up with the doctor over an illness to my son.

A word on the Die-hards (are some of them worth it?). I don't understand these people altogether; on some points I think some of them like still to remain contrary when inwardly they must know they are wrong.

Yours faithfully,
E. F.

MUTILATION.

(To the Editor of THE GRAMOPHONE.)

DEAR SIR,—May I protest against a form of mutilation of operatic music by the recording companies which is fairly common—namely, the cutting off of an aria almost immediately after the last note of the voice and omitting the passages of orchestral music which rightly belong to the piece. The ending is thus made far too abrupt. It is like being suddenly shot out into the street to get into a 'bus after becoming thoroughly engrossed in a theatrical drama. The vocal effort requires the rounding off, the frame, as it were, on the picture, to prevent its clashing unduly with the crude reality of its surroundings. Caruso's *Vesti la giubba* on H.M.V. is a gem, if for no other reason, on account of the inclusion of the beautiful piece of orchestration which follows the final sob of the voice. Many examples could be given of records in which the ending is an unsatisfying shock, more particularly to one who knows the music which should follow. Such snipping off is an unwarrantable and offensive interference with the composer's work, and I am sure many of your readers will endorse this view.

Yours faithfully,
Birmingham.
E. H. WILKINS.

THE FLYING DUTCHMAN.

(To the Editor of THE GRAMOPHONE.)

DEAR SIR,—It is not often that I take up my pen to engage in periodical or newspaper correspondence—the last resort, usually, of emulous officious persons who seek to find in it a medium of publicity denied them elsewhere—but the enthusiasm evoked by a recently issued record, *The Flying Dutchman Overture* (H.M.V. D.1056) has compelled me to solicit the hospitality of your columns.

I had listened to *The Flying Dutchman Overture* a countless number of times, and always it had presented itself as a series of incomprehensible noises. Vaguely I knew it enjoyed the esteem of the musical world, and in consequence attributed my apparent lack of appreciation to some fault in my musical education. With the issue of the H.M.V. version the colour and marvellous orchestration of the work unfolded itself to my ears like a revelation. What passionate vigour, what beauty and grandeur Wagner has infused into this legend of the accursed Dutchman constrained to wander through stormy seas in search of the womanly love that would redeem him from the curse laid upon him! We are transported from the utmost heights of stormy passion to the calm and quiet of tender melody until we seem to float "by sunlit isles 'neath bowery blooms, where life and dream, and hope and bliss are one," only to be stirred soon after by a sudden outbreak of storm-music, depicting with graphic realism the fury of the sea. Never before had the necessity of correct interpretation struck me with such forceful persuasion; I advise all those who are apt to regard Wagner as a synonym for noise to hear this record.

Yours truly,
Johannesburg.
L. BETHLEHEM.

RECORDING OF ENGLISH.

(To the Editor of THE GRAMOPHONE.)

SIR,—I am pleased to see in your March number two correspondents advocating the recording of English verse. Mr. Sedgfield, of Manchester, had a letter in *The Times Literary Supplement* of March 18th last, suggesting the recording of the "Oxford Recitations." I think lovers of English poetry should form their own society and attend to the matter themselves; or the N.G.S. might form a branch for that purpose. I am not in favour of recording excerpts from Shakespeare, because I feel certain that the ending of Mistress Page's speech would be recorded something like this: "As sure as his internal organs are made of Belgium sausage." Let us have English verse as the poets left it to us. Give us modern poets, too; I would rather read "Fairy Gold" than "David Copperfield."... I have been a subscriber to THE GRAMOPHONE since last September, and I think the English gramophone societies fortunate in having such a fruitful source of information and such a supply of material for debate....

May your journal live a long and useful life.

Yours faithfully,

South Brisbane, Australia.

B. P. L. C.

ADDENDA.

(To the Editor of THE GRAMOPHONE.)

DEAR SIR,—I have just read about the March violin record competition, and am surprised at the generally poor quality of the music contained in the winning lists. I had hoped to enter the competition, but was so pressed for time that I was unable to spare enough to search the catalogues, time the selections, etc. But now that the competition is over, may I be allowed to submit a list of short violin works which I consider worthy of recording? Here it is:—

Vaughan-Williams: Two pieces (*Romance* and *Pastorale*). Castelnuovo-Tedesco: *Ritmi, Signorine*. Medtner: Three Nocturnes (these are very fine). Cyril Scott: *Tallahassee Suite, Elégie, Romance, and Poème Erotique*.

I am not a violinist and have not had occasion to become thoroughly familiar with violin literature, but these pieces stand out among hundreds which I have heard or examined in the past few years.

I am glad to see that you have started a series of articles on neglected composers, and particularly that Wolf was the first one chosen. My musical gods are Bach, Schumann, Brahms, and Wagner, but I would be satisfied if half of the recordings of these composers were sacrificed for fine works by unduly neglected men. The gramophone can do more for the latter than any other medium I know of.

I should like to add to Mr. Chislett's list of Wolf songs the following: *Frage und Antwort*, Elisabeth Schumann (Odeon A.A.57811); *Biterolf*, Schorr (Polydor 62379); *Heimweh*, van Endert, (Polydor 13982) and *Windgassen* (Polydor 62498); *Zur Ruh', zur Ruh'*, Werrenrath (Victor 17179); *Schlafendes Jesuskind*, Stückgold (Polydor 19237). *Über nacht*, Windgassen (Polydor 62498); *Das Verlassene Mädelein*, Färber-Strasser (Vox 02076). These fine songs are all well done, possibly excepting the last. There are also several recordings of *Er ist's*, a song of far inferior quality, to my mind.

New York City, U.S.A.

Yours very truly,

HENRY S. GERSTLÉ.

RECORD PRICES.

(To the Editor of THE GRAMOPHONE.)

DEAR SIR,—I have lately read complaints from several of your correspondents regarding the price of records, particularly "His Master's Voice". May I swell the number of their ranks? Your Tasmanian correspondent, whose letter appeared in (I think) the March number, will be interested to learn that in Rhodesia, which is only half his distance from London and where the customs duty is only 9 per cent. ad valorem, we have to pay the following prices for H.M.V. products: 10in. plum label, 5s.; 12in. plum, 6s. 6d.; 10in. black, 7s.; 12in. black, 9s.; 10in. red, 9s.; 12in. red, 11s. 6d. Zonophone 10in. and 12in. cost 4s. and 6s. 6d. respectively. This is pure profiteering, as in the Union, where customs duty is 25 per cent. ad valorem, the prices are, with the exception of the 12in. red label, on an average 1s. per record lower. No doubt your columns are closely scanned by the business managers of the various gramophone companies, so I hope this complaint may produce a beneficial result.

I would also like to mention the prices charged by the Vocalion and Columbia agents. Aco. 10in. cost 4s.; Vocalion Standards 10in. and 12in. cost 5s. and 7s. respectively; pink label are 6s. and 9s. 6d. respectively. Columbias cost: Dark blue, 5s. and 7s.; light blue 6s. and 9s.; purple 8s. 6d. and 10s. 6d. These prices are for 10in. and 12in. records in each case. All the prices mentioned in this letter are nett.

It would appear that the local agents of the companies concerned are ignorant of the economic laws of supply and demand; at present it is cheaper by far to import from one of your most consistent advertisers than to pay these prices, which are, in the opinion of many local gramophone lovers, far too high.

I find the "Lifebelt" a great help, especially since making a counter-balance as designed in your February issue.

Yours faithfully,

Bulawayo, Rhodesia.

R. E. NEVILLE.

THE CHOPIN SONATA IN B MINOR.

(To the Editor of THE GRAMOPHONE.)

DEAR SIR,—Your reviewer (page 29) has missed the point of my letter in the May number. The amount of my disagreement with his views is a matter of no importance whatever. What is of moment is that when a record manufacturer produces by a new process an initial complete work for the pianoforte and claims it as "the mightiest yet," a "competent judge" such as your reviewer undoubtedly is (or he would not be on the staff of THE GRAMOPHONE), should, in the interests of your readers and advertisers, be able to say more about the recording than the insufficient and somewhat supercilious remark, "I have no fault to find with it."

It is natural for a manufacturing firm to regard all their products as masterpieces and to tell the public so; it is equally natural for keen readers of THE GRAMOPHONE to expect its reviewers to take care that musical and interpretative criticism does not ignore or relegate to the background consideration of the technical qualities of records.

I am sorry that my frank admiration for this set of discs has caused your reviewer so much annoyance; in support of my views, however, I will mention that I have played it to numerous people, many of whom know far more about music than I do, and they were unanimous in praising the superlative quality of the recording—even those who disliked the music or did not favour the interpretation of it.

I therefore trust that he will excuse me if I dare to say that I am still in a state of "profound astonishment," and that I am unable to change my views about the one statement in his review which provoked my criticism.

Yours faithfully,

London, S.W. 17.

J. C. W. CHAPMAN.

LARGE versus SMALL SOUND-BOXES.

(To the Editor of THE GRAMOPHONE.)

DEAR SIR,—In reference to your Expert Committee's reply to my letter on the above subject. After reading the reply it would certainly appear to most impartial persons that a good case—even by your Committee's own showing—had been made out for the non-mica diaphragm and the large sound-box. They admit that small mica sound-boxes are variable, that many are bad and give thin, shrill, hard, and nasal reproductions; that some are good, that a few (by chance, perhaps,) are exceptionally good. I would put it to your Expert Committee that there is not much incentive here for the would-be purchaser of a gramophone to choose one that was fitted with a small mica sound-box. The chances are that he would obtain one that gave a thin, shrill, hard and nasal tone. Only by rare good luck would he be fortunate enough to obtain one of the "exceptionally good ones," and even then—to use your Committee's own words—by chance, perhaps. It is therefore admitted that so variable is mica as a diaphragm that one can never be sure of getting two sound-boxes fitted with it to give the same result—even those of exactly the same type by the same maker. Most people would consider these drawbacks sufficient for its discontinuance as a diaphragm in sound-boxes.

Your Expert Committee state that a small sound-box can be made to give superior results to any large sound-box on the market. If that is so it is very singular that the Gramophone Co., who have been manufacturing these small sound-boxes for about 20 years, have never discovered the secret, but have introduced a larger sized sound-box that gives much better results. Edison's first sound-box was a very small mica one that gave a thin piercing tone. He then made a larger one—the model C. This was better but still poor.

He next made the model H and fitted this with a copper diaphragm—in the later models. This was an improvement, but still far from satisfactory. He then introduced the larger model O, a much larger reproducer with infinitely better results. Afterwards came the model N and lastly the models A and B, large reproducers with diaphragms made of cork and paper. These gave universal satisfaction. I have fitted these boxes with mica diaphragms—as an experiment—but the tone was altogether inferior to the cork and paper ones. It was only after repeated trials that Edison adopted the large boxes and everyone will admit that the results justified the change. Henry Seymour also started with small sound-boxes, and some years ago introduced the Superphone, a large box with a 2½ in. diaphragm. This box is very good for a mica box and is clearly his best model.

Your Expert Committee state also that “they deprecate the production of still more large sound-boxes considering that makers would be better employed in exploring and developing the possibilities of small ones.” This advice really seems like whipping a dead horse. The two leading firms mentioned above have “explored and developed” these small boxes for over 20 years and have given them up. It appears to me therefore, that it is the large sound-boxes that need exploring and developing in order to obtain *realism* in reproduction. The difficulty in the past has always been that the large diaphragm was too slow in recovery. It did not respond so readily as the small diaphragm to the very rapid vibrations necessary to properly reproduce the higher notes. With the employment, however, of more sensitive material for a diaphragm—in place of the—soon to be—obsolete mica, or the other substances generally in use, this difficulty will be overcome.

I fully agree with your Expert Committee's statement that no sound-box will give the same results on different machines or give the same uniformly excellent results with all types of recorded music. Their statement, however, that any sound-box must be tuned to suit the machine on which it is used needs qualification in my opinion. If the diaphragm is properly adjusted—the rubber gaskets entirely suitable and the stylus bar properly positioned—very little can be done in the way of tuning. There is really no mystery about tuning as some “specialists” would have the gramophone owner believe. As for the tuning of very small sound-boxes being a very difficult matter, I have never found it so, and I have tuned some thousands. The difficulty, or rather the impossibility, lies in trying to tune small mica sound-boxes to give the deep rich tone that the large non-mica box will easily give with a tithe of the trouble.

Your Expert Committee agree that “tonal improvement” can often be made by replacing the mica diaphragm by a non-mica one. In their opinion, however, this is no proof that the non-mica diaphragm was superior. This is merely a play upon words. It is proof sufficient that it was superior for that particular box—which is all that matters. The remainder of the sentence is a mere quibble.

The fragility of mica is a great disadvantage, but if it were superior in other respects I would not because of its fragility condemn its use in sound-boxes. At the same time it is a disadvantage, and a very real one, whether an expert handles it or a novice. Your committee ask if I reject glass for my window panes merely because it is brittle. My reply is that I would certainly reject glass because of its brittleness if other substances were offered me that were *not* brittle with all the transparency of glass and as easily to be obtained. No one in their senses would suggest that it is an advantage for glass to be brittle. Continuous use of a mica sound-box will show one how easily it is fatigued. The falling-off in tone is very marked, much more so than when using a box fitted with a fibrous diaphragm. Mica is a metal—or of a metallic nature—and the tendency of such a substance would be to give off natural vibrations of its own, whereas such a substance as paper, for instance, can give forth no natural vibrations that are audible.

If your Expert Committee will accept I will be pleased to send them a sound-box fitted with a diaphragm 2½ inches diameter, built up with a succession of delicate flat springs of whalebone and rice paper. The tone of this box is perfect. I would like them to test it against any box on the market. I am quite confident that its power of recovery is equal to any small box ever invented.

I am sorry to say that it is not a commercial proposition, as these diaphragms must be built up by hand by expert workers, and it is too slow a job to ever be a paying one.

Yours faithfully,
T. A. FOSTER.

Luton.

(To the Editor of THE GRAMOPHONE.)

DEAR SIR,—I was pleased to read the letter of your correspondent, Mr. T. A. Foster, in your June issue, and the reply of your Expert Committee, because I consider the sound-box is the most important and least understood part of the gramophone, and I should like to be allowed to make some observations thereon.

I am generally in agreement with the Committee, but my experience has been that throughout all tuning experiments the small sound-box will maintain a certain characteristic shallowness of timbre or pitch. This is due to the actual area of the diaphragm, and comparison in this respect can easily be made between different sound-boxes by tapping the stylus bar. A small diaphragm produces a brilliant tone just as a small photograph shows a brilliant image, while a large diaphragm “expands” the tone as a photographic enlargement expands the image, at the same time softening the intensity and somewhat dimming the outlines. There is a point at which the tonal “expansion” of the diaphragm and the enlargement of the photograph become too dull and lacking in vitality to be pleasing. I submit that that point is reached (as regards old style recording anyway) when a diaphragm exceeds 2½ in. in diameter. As the Expert Committee point out, the size of the amplifier is of great importance; it seems to work out to the rule: the large resonator for the small diaphragm, and vice versa.

Now there are some important factors in the composition of the sound-box which escape the notice of many enthusiasts. Take, for instance, the well-known “Exhibition.” This is a very brilliant sound-box, because it is small *plus* the fact that the inside rubber gasket is sunk in a channel, thus bringing the diaphragm very close up to the mouth of the box. The Columbia No. 6 (also Regal) achieves the same result by using a thin rubber washer inside, instead of the usual tubular gasket. But this box, with a much larger diaphragm, is almost equally as brilliant as the Exhibition. Why? The explanation is that the stylus bar is all steel, while in the Exhibition the heavy end of the bar is of brass. The all-steel bar will add brilliance to any large diaphragm (personally I consider it essential for the best results from fibres), but it has one serious disadvantage, and that is it transmits an excessive amount of needle scratch noise, and is only tolerable on smooth-surfaced records. Among the really big sound-boxes there is the well-known Pianina. This has a fibre back and fairly thick rubber gaskets, and is, in my opinion, rather dull in tone, but many people consider it “mellow.” Some years ago I got a cheap British-made sound-box, which, although smaller, was apparently similar to the Pianina. The mica diaphragm was 2½ in. in diameter; the tone was quite dull, but exceptionally smooth. For the fibre back I substituted copper, fitted a bevelled mica, and filed off much surplus metal from the stylus bar. The result is one of the best all-round sound-boxes I have heard, and had the diaphragm been 2 in. to 2½ in. it would be ideal. The exceptional smoothness and absence of scratch is accounted for by the fact that the metal in the large end of the stylus bar is a soft alloy, softer than brass. Unfortunately, the thread in the needle screw-hole does not endure very long. This leads me to say that this method of securing the needle is wrong—it should be clamped as in a vice.

Users of small sound-boxes who find the tone harsh should not use loud-tone needles, nor is it necessary to push the needle all the way up in the socket. Also, see if the diaphragm is too thick, and if so, substitute a bevelled mica. The “mouth-organ” effect which Mr. Foster complains of is due to the diaphragm giving undue prominence to the upper partials or overtones; many composition diaphragms have the reverse effect—they lose them. After making very numerous experiments I am of the opinion that mica makes the best diaphragm. But a very beautiful one for “vocals” can be made by building up with quite thin but tough paper, with the aid of shellac varnish. Patience and good judgment are essential, but the result “well repays the effort,” as the guide-books say. I find aluminium bad on vocals, but good on instrumentals. Positively the best piano-reproducing diaphragm I ever made was 2½ in. diameter, made up of W. T. Co., stout blue note-paper (one thickness only) well varnished. I cut a centre disc from it about ½ in. diameter, and in its place glued a disc (slightly larger to allow overlap of course) cut from the centre of an aluminium “Harmonique” diaphragm; this included one corrugation ring. For reproducing piano bass notes the best I have tried was a ferrotype diaphragm from a headphone ear-piece, but it reproduces the treble notes very badly indeed. For good piano reproduction there should be possibilities in the Duophone, having one ferrotype and one mica; there's a sugges-

tion for anyone who cares to go to the necessary expense. But this new recording will compel us to learn a new sound-box technique.

Yours truly,
MAC MICA.

(To the Editor of THE GRAMOPHONE.)

SIR,—It is time the opinions of tone-deaf and musically ignorant or half-educated gramophone "experts" were treated with the contempt they deserve. Your correspondent, T. A. Foster, is completely and perfectly right. The theory that a large diaphragm, by reason of its size alone—*ceteris paribus*—will less satisfactorily reproduce high tones than a smaller one will not hold water, as the practice of piano building will show. The diaphragm of a sound-box exercises a function analogous with that of the sound-board of a piano. According to the theory the upper notes of an upright or baby should be superior to those of a concert grand, which is nonsense, as also is the statement often made that the material of which the diaphragm is made has no effect on the tone, to which the whole practice of orchestral instrument-making gives the lie, apart from the existence of

Yours, etc.,

London, N.W.1.

KAIKHOSRU SORABJI.

CUTTING THE TONE-ARM.

(To the Editor of THE GRAMOPHONE.)

DEAR SIR,—I had quite a thrill to see my name in THE GRAMOPHONE this month with reference to the Lifebelt (with apologies to the critics and company). As I have now obtained a much finer reproduction than before I thought, as I had not seen any account of dabbling with the Lifebelt similar to my own, that it might interest some one. Our machine is of unknown make, with straight tone-arm and large sound-box and external metal horn, the sound-box being held by a metal socket sweated to the tone-arm. This was over $\frac{1}{2}$ in. inside the Lifebelt and was too long. Thinking I was doing something clever, I knocked the socket off and found only $\frac{1}{2}$ in. at the very outside left to go inside the Lifebelt. It was in this position when I wrote you stating, quite correctly, that all records tried were improved, some a lot. I then got a piece of brass tubing (thin) and had $\frac{1}{2}$ in. cut off. This I fixed firmly to the tone-arm, thus giving $\frac{1}{2}$ in. of tone-arm inside the Lifebelt. The result in reproduction has given me one of the surprises of my life. All records are not improved alike, but when the recording is good the improvement is *out of knowledge* with orchestral records. Next to them the improvement is most noticeable with choral and string quartets and piano accompaniments. Solo voices are greatly improved, but not so thrillingly so as the others. Velvet Face, Columbia and the old H.M.V. (of 20 years ago) records benefit most. Vocalion next, and modern H.M.V., but not including the electrical recording, next. Probably, with an H.M.V. No. 2. sound-box, the vocal records would sound wondrous too, at any rate those of voices in the upper register. I do not see why any straight tone-arm may not give as good results by, in some way, obtaining exactly $\frac{1}{2}$ in. of tone-arm to fit inside the Lifebelt. Imagine a gramophone reproduction being described by one as "beautiful," by another, "fine," by another, "lovely," and yet another, "grand"! To all concerned my best thanks.

Yours sincerely,

Glan Conway.

J. BEATTIE.

THE B.N.O.C.

(To the Editor of THE GRAMOPHONE.)

DEAR SIR,—In your March number you say that the Lifebelt can not be fixed to an Edison gramophone. Can it be fixed when with this gramophone there is used a Jewel sound-box, or other, which must be employed when playing English records?

In another number you express surprise that so few of your readers respond by subscribing to the De Lara Opera House scheme. Is it not because the majority of those who are at all interested in opera prefer to give their subscriptions to maintain an opera company already in existence, and passing through a very hard time owing to the indifference of the British public to opera which is not entirely composed of foreigners? Thus the British National Opera produced very fine opera at His Majesty's Theatre during the summer of 1924. A foreign visitor wrote to the papers that their interpretations of Wagner, under Coates, challenged comparison with those at Covent Garden, which had every material advantage in the matter of large orchestra, etc. Yet the magnificent renderings given by the British Company were scarcely attended by the British public, hypnotised as it is to believe that no British company can do good work in opera. What use, then, is another opera house in London?

London, W. 1.

Yours faithfully,

(Dr.) AGNES SAVILL.

LIFEBELT COMMENTS

Further extracts from letters received, in continuation of the series published in THE GRAMOPHONE for January, February, March, and June, 1926 :—

36. Lifebelt and Protractor safely received. May I say right now that I was sceptical up to the moment I fitted it, having tried gadgets innumerable; and my reproduction was so good that I doubted if it could be improved. Well, all I can say is that I have never heard my records till now. I hear instruments of whose existence I did not know, in their absolute relationship to one another. Colour and balance throughout the scale are improved out of all recognition. This is a considered opinion. I have had it well over a week. Please tell your readers that to obtain the best results it is essential, or very desirable, to cut the tone-arm. I also use the weight adjuster. I forgot to mention surface noise is almost non-existent, and cymbals now *do* clash out.—B. FLYNN.

37. I ordered a Lifebelt in February or earlier for my H.M.V. Table Grand, No. 2 sound-box, and put it just straight on (sceptically, for I was well pleased before) according to the instructions, to find a great improvement immediately. Then I put on my Pianina sound-box (slightly personalised) and I now think I have very approximate perfection.

Every record is improved (except the faults), *i.e.*, civilised; softened in the shrill parts, fulminated in the bass, and effloresced in detail; except an accordion one which does not matter much, although I *might* argue that it is improved too. The fault is, the needle is drawn forward with the vigorous notes near the finish (centre), with a jumping movement; the spring slips suggested would likely put that right. We have quite a variety of records though not many, cheap and more expensive. For instance, Parlophone No. 2 *Laughing Record* is much plainer, especially the male part. The Linguaphone (French) records are much plainer and more human. Chorus which was before but a wraith, assumes a body (vide Regal, *Miserere*, G.7558), so we see how the life part of the name applies. I am not a musician, but just take music as a cow takes grass, as we like it, although I have paid attention to tone in voice production; in short, just a "considerate man in the street." I should have written this months ago, but have just been busy otherwise, and have not altered my views since the first, although continuously and growingly enjoying the result. Honest, I am not exaggerating. The same success may be attainable cheaper, but I do not regret my 5s. and I am Scotch. Latterly I have browsed more particularly on orchestra and chamber music, and delight in realising how true to tone characteristic my gramophone is. Sub-bass, even grand organ, is quite as real as I want it.—A. G. I.

38. I have given the Lifebelt a fairly good test, and I think it has improved reproduction to such a degree as to leave little to choose between my machine and the new H.M.V. model (cabinet), having tried my own records on both combinations. The difference (if any) is so slight, that it does not warrant any further outlay.—ALFRED L. DYSON.

39. I got a Lifebelt from you, and I must say a few words about it. Well, to be candid, words fail me to express the enormous difference it has made on my machine, a Columbia No. 18A. I have nothing but praise for it on all my records, except one song by Olga Haley, where, on two top notes, it vibrates very badly. I am constantly hearing instruments in my older orchestral records that I never knew were there, and in the *William Tell* (12in. Col.) the drums are marvellous.

May I pass on a tip that might prove useful? I found the flexibility too great at first, so followed out your clock-spring suggestion, but I added to it; I got from an ironmonger's two bands with nut and bolt attachments, such as is used for fastening a rubber pipe on to a tap, and put one at each end of the Lifebelt, and it was really great, the difference it made. I pass this one on for what it is worth, and you can publish it if you so desire.—V. MURDOCH.

When ordering the Lifebelt state
the make of your Gramophone.

Gramophone Societies' Reports

[Owing to the increasing number of societies, it is unfortunately necessary to ration reporting secretaries down to 200 words a month. Reports must reach the London Office before the fifteenth of the month for inclusion in the next number. Items from programmes must be incorporated in the report; programmes separately attached cannot be printed.]

AGRICOLA GRAMOPHONE SOCIETY.—Mr. A. W. Coleman and Mr. H. G. Huckel provided the main features for the society's June meeting, the former presenting a varied selection and the latter a programme devoted to the compositions of Grieg. Items from Mr. Coleman's programme which were specially appreciated were the abridged, but excellent rendering by the Court Symphony Orchestra, of Schubert's *Unfinished Symphony* (Col.), an organ record by Herbert Dawson of Easthope Martin's *Evensong* (H.M.V.), and Alvarez' tuneful *El celeso*, sung by De Gogorza. In the Grieg programme there were included two movements of the H.M.V. re-recorded lyric suite, *To spring*, by Kreisler, and the Columbia recording by Catterall and Murdoch of the *Sonata in C minor*, while additional interest was created by the brief comments with which Mr. Huckel introduced each item.

For the New Issues section of the programme we were again largely indebted to the Parlophone and Vocalion companies, the former being represented by Weber's *Overture, Der Freischütz*, played—perhaps a little slowly—by the Opera House Orchestra, Strauss' *Pester Waltz*, by Marek Weber, and further Wagnerian recordings. Of the Vocalion June issues, Jelly d'Aranyi's playing of Brahms' *Hungarian Dance No. 5*, Malcolm McEachern's rendering of Hedgcock's setting of Kipling's *Mandalay*, and a selection of sea shanties by John Buckley and chorus were much enjoyed. Mention must also be made of Irene Scharrer's playing of two Chopin *Impromptus* (H.M.V.), probably the finest piano recording yet issued.—EDWARD U. BROCKWAY, *Hon. Secretary*.

THE BIRMINGHAM GRAMOPHONE SOCIETY.—A meeting of this society was held on Tuesday, June 1st, at the Ebenezer Schools Board Room, Steelhouse Lane, when a very interesting programme was forthcoming. The first half of the programme consisted of the May records, kindly sent us by Parlophone, Vocalion, and Pathé.

First and foremost, of course, among the Parlophone issues was the *Jupiter Symphony* on four double-sided records, and members were highly pleased that this symphony is now available complete at a reasonable price, but played and recorded in first class style. There was a good duet from *Mastersingers* by Emmy Bettendorf and Alfred Jergor, a glorious record of Melchior, the Covent Garden tenor, in two Wagner excerpts (could these be sung in better style?), and to complete a really delicious record of Spiwakowsky, in two violin solos, one of which, in style of playing is the nearest thing possible to Kreisler's famous record of his own *Caprice Viennois*. Vocalion similarly offered a real tit-bit in Sapellnikoff's playing of the Tchaikovsky *Pianoforte Concerto* on four double-sided records, this being the first time this concerto has been recorded. Playing and recording excellent. A delightful record of Adili Fachiri in two violin solos found members preferring the Vivaldi *Concerto* side. Clara Serena, the new contralto, in two arias was not enjoyed overmuch, probably owing to the fact that this is her first record. Luella Paikin in two Mozart arias was a very good record, as was also a record of two numbers of a Ravel suite for orchestra, two numbers of this suite having already been issued. A 'cello record of Van Lier completed this batch, which was highly appreciated. Pathé sent three Actuelle needle-cut records including the *Mireille Overture*, by the Garde Republicaine Band; *With verdure clad and I know that my Redeemer liveth*, sung with very pure voice by Kate Winter, and a most delightful record by a new artist, Rispa Goodacre, in *Silver Ring and Sink, red sun*, and this record met with the highest approval of all members of the society. Once again our heartiest thanks to Parlophone, Vocalion, and Pathé for their kindness and help.

Part two consisted of the complete opera *H.M.S. Pinafore*, by Sullivan, needless to say, highly appreciated. Intending new members should write me at the above address.—CHARLES SUMMERFIELD, *Secretary*.

BLACKBURN AND DISTRICT GRAMOPHONE SOCIETY.—At the meeting of the above society held at Messrs. Carlisle's

Music Rooms, Darwin Street, on May 8th, forty members had the pleasure of listening to a recital given by Miss E. Chew. So well was the programme drawn up, with such a variety of pleasing items, and so great was the applause given to each, that it was evident that Miss Chew had the happy knack of being able to please everybody.

The recital opened with *Finlandia* (Sibelius), played by the Royal Albert Hall Orchestra under Sir Landon Ronald (H.M.V., D.147), and, although it is difficult to compare the particular merits of each of the many items given, special mention should be made of *Sonata in A minor* (Mozart), played by A. Catterall (violin) and Sir Hamilton Harty (piano) which certainly deserved the fine reception it was accorded. *Fire Music* from *Valkyrie* (Wagner), H.M.V., D.1079, played by the Symphony Orchestra was realistic, whilst Rosa Ponselle (soprano), in her song *Oh, My Native Land, (Aida)*, demonstrated most vividly her marvellous compass and wonderful clarity and trueness of tone. Two movements from *Symphonie Fantastique*, played by the London Symphony Orchestra (Col. L.1710), was another outstanding feature of the programme, which was concluded by the brilliant rendering of *The Dance of the Hours (La Gioconda)*, by Vessella's Italian Band (Bruns. 25012). At the conclusion of the programme a hearty vote of thanks to Miss Chew was proposed by Miss Wilson and seconded by Dr. Roe, who said that Miss Chew had certainly rendered a very great service to those present by entertaining them so well, and he felt sure that all would extend to her their gratitude for the enjoyment they had received from the recital she had given.

The meeting held a fortnight later, on June 1st, was devoted to a demonstration by the secretary of the Dousona Gramophone (model No. 3) and a number of records kindly supplied by the Vocalion Co. In the second half of the evening Mr. E. Walsh entertained the society to a recital. Those present were unanimous in voting the Dousona machine to be of wonderful efficiency in purity and volume of reproduction. The Vocalion records were highly applauded, and the thanks of the society were warmly extended to the Vocalion Company for their kindness. Mr. Walsh's recital, which was most entertaining, consisted of a number of the "lighter" records; outstanding numbers which received hearty applause were: *Arise ye subterranean winds*, sung by Norman Allin (Col. L.1414); *Gems from Rose Marie*, Light Opera Co. (H.M.V., C.1205); *The Burial of Cock Robin*, H.M. Grenadier Guards (Col. 516); *London and Daventry Calling*, Savoy Orpheans (H.M.V., C.1251).

In conclusion votes of thanks were proposed to the Dousona Co. for their goodness in lending a machine to the society, by Dr. Greeves, seconded by Dr. Roe; to the Vocalion Co., for their generosity in giving records, by Mr. F. G. Critchley, seconded by Mr. Sumner; and to Mr. Walsh, for the excellency of his recital and for the entertainment the members had received therefrom, by Mr. Pomfret, seconded by Mr. Duerden.

BRIXTON GRAMOPHONE SOCIETY.—Report of meeting held on Tuesday, May 4th. The programme was given by Mr. C. Sterry and devoted to the music of "Old Masters"; the attendance was rather small owing to the meeting falling on the first day of the general strike. The records played were of a very high order, reflecting greatly on the good judgment of Mr. Sterry. Any persons interested can obtain a prospectus from our secretary, Mr. FISHER, 28A, Fieldhouse Road, S.W. 12.

THE DUBLIN GRAMOPHONE SOCIETY.—At a special meeting on Wednesday, April 28th, Mr. Turner Huggard gave a lecture-demonstration entitled "The Greatest Composer." The lecturer divided musical history into five periods, reviewing each and selecting five composers whom he considered were the greatest in their respective epochs. Finally, Mr. Turner Huggard compared these five with one another and awarded the title of greatest to William Byrd. He said that many people in his audience would probably be disappointed at his choice or even in violent disagreement with it, but that after careful consideration of period and all other circumstances, he considered that Byrd deserved the title. Several records representing the music of the five periods were played and a large audience followed the lecture with attention. In proposing a vote of thanks, Mr. Harriass commented on some points in the lecture, and the evening closed with an informal discussion.

Mr. L. J. Archer, our hard-working hon. secretary, gave an all-Mozart programme at the May meeting. Mozart ventured into practically all fields of composition, enriching each one and leaving in some works which are still unsurpassed. What a sad gap there would be in gramophone catalogues if there was no Mozart? There is not space to mention in detail all the records that Mr. Archer played, so three are selected without prejudice to the rest.

The N.G.S. records of the *Oboe Quartet* were new to most members, the work is interesting and beautiful. Chaliapin's record of *Madamina* from *Don Giovanni* is exceedingly attractive, though probably not one of his best sellers, as it well might be. Kathleen Destournel's singing of *Deh! vieni, non tardar* on Vocalion is very, very beautiful. The programme was enjoyed very much and Mr. Archer's comments on each record were very helpful.—NOEL C. WEBB, *Hon. Reporting Secretary*.

THE EALING RECORDED MUSIC SOCIETY.—An interesting programme was arranged for the society on Thursday June 3rd. The first half was taken up with recent issues, of which the following were well received: H.M.V., D.A.777, *Menuet* (Bach-Winteritz), played by Fritz Kreisler (violin); pianoforte accompaniment by C. Lamson. H.M.V., D.1087, *Fantaisie Impromptu* (Chopin), played by Irene Scharrer (pianoforte). H.M.V., D.1088, *The Ride of the Valkyries* (Wagner), played by the Symphony Orchestra. Columbia, *Cavalleria Rusticana*, played by J. H. Squire's Celeste Octet. Columbia, *Poet and Peasant*, played by the Grenadier Guards.

The second half of the programme was supplied by the chairman, Mr. Ross, and the secretary, Mr. R. J. Paine, each bringing a few records; both were heartily applauded. Mr. Ross supplied a fine variety of records, which, compared to Mr. Paine's, were quite young. The secretary's programme was composed of old recordings, the average being 10 years; nevertheless, they were much appreciated by the company.—R. J. PAINE, *Recording Secretary*.

EAST LONDON GRAMOPHONE SOCIETY.—The eighty-ninth monthly meeting, and incidentally the eighth annual general meeting, of the society was held at headquarters on April 17th, but, owing to the inclement state of the weather, the attendance was not so large as usual. This was rather unfortunate, as the greater part of the evening was devoted to a demonstration of the Dousona machine. This demonstration proved that this machine fully deserves its excellent reputation and the faith placed in it by the inventor. The distinguishing features are the tone-arm and floating amplifier which probably constitute the best advance in scientific experiment yet applied to a commercial machine. On a varied programme the all-round production was greatly appreciated, and the assembly, together with the price, should make a ready appeal to gramophonists requiring a pedestal machine.

The remainder of the evening was taken up by playing the new Parlophone and Vocalion records kindly sent by these companies.

C. W. Palmer, Esq., M.B.E., [was again elected president, C. Harley, Esq., chairman, W. Pritlove, Esq., hon. financial secretary, and W. J. Worley, hon. secretary.

The May meeting was taken up on a comparison between the latest electrical recordings and the old recordings of the same artistes and titles, and after a discussion on each record, a vote was taken, the result of which was that members favoured the new process in the case of orchestras and piano, but were of opinion that the old process of recording the voice was still the best.—W. J. WORLEY, *Hon. Secretary*.

GLASGOW AND DISTRICT GRAMOPHONE SOCIETY.—The third annual meeting of the society was held in the Ca'doro Restaurant on March 24th. The President, Mr. Jas. C. Stewart, occupied the chair. The secretary, Mr. Macfarlane, on presenting the annual report, referred to the highly successful series of meetings held during the session and intimated that the membership was maintained at the comparatively high level of 178—69 ladies and 109 gentlemen—being a slight increase over the previous session. Twelve bi-monthly meetings had been held, including two lectures, four trade nights, lecture-demonstration and members' nights. Interesting lectures were given by Mr. Compton Mackenzie, on the "Progress of the gramophone," and "Reading About Music," by Mr. Percy Gordon, Mus.Bac., L.R.C.M., two of our esteemed patrons. A lecture-demonstration was given by Mr. Rink, of the Gramophone Company, Ltd., and our esteemed president lectured to us on folk songs with gramophone illustrations.

The members' competitions were highly appreciated by the

members, and meetings devoted to the competitions proved very interesting.

The treasurer's report revealed the society in a healthy financial position. The existing office-bearers and committee were re-elected as follows: president, Mr. Jas. C. Stewart; vice-president, Mr. Alex Ross; hon. secretary, Mr. T. Macfarlane; hon. treasurer, Mr. A. H. Menzies; musical advisor, Mr. W. C. Weir; executive, Messrs. A. J. Dougan, A. A. Brown, C. Henderson, J. S. Robertson, D. R. Sutherland, and H. W. Young; auditors, Messrs. A. B. King and J. Bowman were re-appointed auditors; patrons, Mr. Percy Gordon, Mus.Bac. (Oxon.), L.R.C.M., Mr. Compton Mackenzie, Mr. F. H. Bissett, Mr. J. J. Brodie, and Mr. H. S. Robertson were re-elected patrons.—T. MACFARLANE, *Hon. Secretary*.

HALIFAX AND DISTRICT RECORDED MUSIC SOCIETY.—The vocal, instrumental, and chamber music of Schumann and Schubert" was the title of the lecture-recital on June 8th. Mr. J. M. McLusky was the lecturer, and he tackled his subject in an interesting way. A number of records were played over and these included Schubert's *Litanei* (a perfect example of melody, and sung by the Irmeler Madrigal Ladies' Choir), *The Erl King* (sung by Elena Gerhardt), and *The Wanderer*, and Schumann's *Der Nussbaum* (what a delightful pianoforte accompaniment!). A beautiful record and rendering of Schubert's *Haidenröslein* (written when the composer was not yet 14 years of age) was a happy inclusion in the programme. Included in the chamber and instrumental music records were a movement from that delightful quintet of Schumann's Op. 44; also one from the quartet, Op. 41; *Impromptu in B Flat*, Op. 142 (Schubert), played by Paderewski; and Schumann's *Carnaval* (for pianoforte). The lecturer was heartily thanked at the close. Before the recital commenced and during the interval, a good number of the new records issued by the Vocalion and Parlophone companies were played over.—J. S. WARING, *Hon. Secretary*, "Avenham," Willow Field Road, Halifax.

THE NORTH LONDON GRAMOPHONE AND PHONOGRAPH SOCIETY.—On Saturday, June 12th, we were favoured by the Dousona Co. with the loan of two of their instruments for our meeting; the programme of which was furnished by Mr. W. J. B. Howe and Mr. C. J. Mahoney. The Dousona was unanimously declared to be of extraordinary money value, and better still, extraordinary tone value. The wonderfully "forward" reproduction of Mr. Mahoney's *Echo Song* record of Galli-Curci had never been excelled on any other instrument. Of course, Malcolm McEachern's rendering of *The Mighty Deep* was prodigious; but then he has a prodigious voice. *Ave Maria* (violin obbligato by Kreisler), (Schubert), John McCormack; *Scherzo Tarantelle*, violin, Heifetz; *Rose Marie Selections*, Mayfair Orchestra; *The Trumpeter*, Robert Howe; and *Barber of Seville Overture*, Metropolitan Opera House Orchestra, are a few indications of the quality of Mr. Mahoney's selections, which were received with a salvo of applause. Mr. Howe also presented some notable numbers, of which the beautiful Parlophone record of *Kol Nidrei*, by Marek Weber and his orchestra, was one of the finest we have yet heard. *Where'er you walk* (Handel), Sidney Coltham; *Souvenir* (Drdla), violin, Kreisler; *Under the desert star*, duet, Coltham and Dawson; *When thou comest* (Rossini), Band of Royal Irish Fusiliers; and *Reverie* (Dunkler), cello, Squire, comprised the best features of Mr. Howe's contribution to the programme. Both gentlemen received a hearty vote of thanks; the same being passed to the Dousona Co. for their kindness in enabling our members to enjoy, as they did, the most excellent samples of their skill and industry. The Dousona is undoubtedly made up to a standard and down to a price that should satisfy the most exacting purchaser.—WILLIAM J. ROBINS, *Hon. Recording Secretary*.

N.B.—All enquiries should be addressed, Mr. L. Ivory, 34, Granville Road, Stroud Green, N. 4.

NORTH-WEST GRAMOPHONE SOCIETY.—The North-West Gramophone Society met on June 13th, and the various versions of the *Wiegenlied* were heard, but hopes of equalling the Hempel (Mozart setting) record at half the price were not realised. A selection of Victor pianoforte records aroused much interest; in particular two pieces beautifully played by Rachmaninoff served as a reminder that this artist has other claims to fame than the authorship of the famous prelude. A representative set of *Tales of Hoffmann* records followed, and one notes with regret that in spite of the formidable list of barcarolles issued, it is a sad fact that we have no entirely satisfactory rendering. An impromptu "last item" in the shape of the hilarious Parlophone *Laughing Record* rather disturbed the composure of the meeting, which thereupon

adjourned. By general agreement the society does not meet in the summer months, and the next meeting is October 10th.—E. G. LAMBLE, *Hon. Secretary*, 51, Balmoral Road, London, N.W.2.

PRESTON GRAMOPHONE SOCIETY.—At our meeting on April 20th an interesting member's favourite record competition took place, of which the following records were entered: *Glow Worm Idyll*, Salon Orchestra, H.M.V.; *The Trumpeter*, J. McCormack (tenor), H.M.V.; *Il Bacio (Zaza)*, Geraldine Farrar (soprano), De Luca (baritone), H.M.V.; *Serenade* (Widor), *Liebesgarten* (Schumann), A. Catterall (violin), W. H. Squire ('cello), W. Murdoch (piano), Col.; *La Villanelle* (E. Dell'Acqua), Galli-Curci (soprano), H.M.V.; *Angels' Serenade* (Braga), J. McCormack (tenor), violin obbligato (Kreisler), H.M.V.; *Lo here the gentle lark* (Bishop), Galli-Curci (soprano), H.M.V.; *Sincerity*, P. Dawson (baritone), H.M.V.; *Hungarian Rhapsody*, Paderewski (pianist), H.M.V.; *Elizabeth's Pleading (Tannhäuser)* (Wagner), E. Bettendorf (soprano), Parlo. The record, *Angels' Serenade*, by J. McCormack, entered by Mr. Hayhurst was declared the winner, to whom a durable record album, kindly given by Mr. C. Sharples, was presented. At our meeting on May 18th a very fine programme was provided by Mr. J. Whittle, who was congratulated for his efforts; this concert is the last one this season. I am happy to say, from every point of view, this has been the most successful season we have yet had. I am pleased to state that we have wound up this season with a balance on the right side. We re-open our fourth season on Tuesday, Sept. 7th, 1926. Any one in Preston and district can have all information as to terms of membership by applying to W. WEAL, *Hon. Secretary and Treasurer*, 250, Lancaster Road, Preston.

RICHMOND AND DISTRICT GRAMOPHONE SOCIETY.—A distinctive note in variation of programme was provided by the Linguaphone Institute of Languages at the meeting held on Monday the 17th inst. Their representative, Mr. Coryn, in an interesting talk, explained that by the use of special gramophone records and text-books provided, it was now possible to have at your home a cultured native master, who at any time would speak to you and train your ear to the sound of the foreign language. It was not an infrequent occurrence for students visiting the continent to discover that their conversation was not understood by the natives, inasmuch as they were unable to comprehend the natives' lingo. This difficulty could now be regarded as entirely removed by the Linguaphone method, and in passing, Mr. Coryn mentioned that it was a source of satisfaction to them that a large number of schools were now equipped. During the discourse several records were tried, the clarity and articulation of the natives recording being most noticeable.

Mr. G. A. Tomlinson gave a programme of music consisting of *The Golden Sonata*, by Purcell (H.M.V.); Klughardt's *Quintet*, played by the Leipzig Wind Quintet (Polydor); *Forging Song* from Wagner's *Siegfried*, a rare record sung by Peter Cornelius who, had he not suffered from a physical deformity, would doubtless have become a foremost tenor; *Symphony No. 4* (Schumann), played by the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra (Polydor). Some further fine records presented by the Parlophone and the Vocalion gramophone companies were demonstrated, amongst which of special interest were: *Prize Song* (Wagner), sung by Rosing (Vocalion); *Concerto in B flat minor* (Tchaikovsky), played by Sapellnikoff (Vocalion); *Dass der mein Vater* from Wagner's *Siegfried*, sung by Melchior (Parlo.); and Mozart's *Symphony in C*, performed by the Berlin Opera House Orchestra.—T. SYDNEY ALLEN, *Hon. Press Secretary*.

SHEFFIELD GRAMOPHONE AND PHONOGRAPH SOCIETY.—Our meeting on June 1st was not so well attended as usual, but the fare provided was quite up to the high standard we have set, and, moreover, particular interest attached to the demonstration given by one of our members, Mr. Kay. He brought a cabinet machine of his own construction, and it did him credit, being finished in quite a professional way. The tone-arm unit was of the Duophone type, that is, with two sound-boxes operating from one needle. The machine acquitted itself well, the tone being very pleasing. Perhaps its greatest success was with a string quartet record, the reproduction of which really was excellent. The writer and others expected more volume from such a machine, but probably the tensioning may have been a trifle too tight. There was one remarkable phenomenon we were up against, and that was in connection with the newly-issued H.M.V. orchestral record of *Siegfried's Funeral March*. This is one of the finest discs we have heard and it was so heavy in parts that Mr. Kay's machine would not have it.

For some inexplicable reason the needle remained in one groove, and only at the third attempt could it be played through, after some adjustment. Evidently it was a case of track alignment or needle angle. The new monthly issues were available as usual and we had a thoroughly enjoyable evening. The undersigned has previously commented on our president's (Mr. Duncan Gilmour's) Stentorphone, and after further experience of its treatment of electrical recordings, we have come to the conclusion that it excels on orchestral and pipe organ reproductions, in fact it is absolutely perfect. The fortissimo passages are stupendous and must be heard to be believed.—THOS. H. BROOKS, *Hon. Press Secretary*.

THE SOUTH LONDON GRAMOPHONE SOCIETY.—It is only natural that programmes at society meetings should consist to a great extent of old and familiar favourites, notwithstanding a leavening of the new order, and it was under these conditions that Miss E. A. Coombs and Messrs. E. A. Coombs and E. U. Brockway presented their respective programmes on May 29th.

Some excerpts from *Parsifal* were among the first considerable items of the "new recording," and, combining as they do both the choral and orchestral sides of Wagner's genius, were generally looked upon as milestones of the recording art and a good augury of what was to come. In this instance, under the aegis of Mr. Coombs, we had the *Grail Scene*, one of the most moving passages, albeit controversial, that Wagner wrote, which records were new to the majority of members, and it is hoped impressed them, although it may be doubted perhaps if the atmosphere was conducive to assimilating all that we were intended to.

Holz's *Planets* have succeeded in frightening a good many, but on this occasion there was played his *St. Paul's Suite*, which is quite in a different vein, and by the new methods of recording, would possibly be even better than it is. The *Londonderry Air* has obtained very generous treatment from the recording companies, and would therefore seem to enjoy great popularity; here Mrs. Coombs played the first of the two versions played by the London String Quartet for Columbia. The song of *Danny Boy* is written to this air, which has all the Irish atmosphere one expects.

The latest batch of Vocalion records were played over before the commencement of the proceedings, and were much appreciated. The remaining 25 or so items were all in the popular category, as befits the time of year, and which it is impossible to comment upon separately, beyond thanking the three members for bringing them.

At the meeting on June 26th there will be a resumption of the technical talks in addition to the two musical programmes usual on these occasions.—S. F. D. HOWARTH, *Reporting Secretary*.

THE SOUTH-EAST LONDON RECORDED MUSIC SOCIETY.—Our May meeting was devoted to dance and ballet music, and, as on past similar occasions, Mr. Coxall took charge. As far as the records themselves went I suppose we were mostly impressed with the tremendous advance made by the Columbia Co. with the *Norwegian Dances* of Grieg. Stravinsky's *Ragtime*, as played by Marcelle Meyer, caused a good deal of amusement. If we are in doubt about Stravinsky's attitude to jazz we can give him the benefit of the doubt and place to his credit a delicious piece of satire. That seems to be the kindest thing to do, anyway. If, on the other hand, we are asked to look upon this as an expression of his innermost yearnings, then all we can say is: Heaven help him—and us! Frank Bridge's *Christmas Dance* and Pachmann's record of the *Mazurka in A flat minor* were also included in the programme.

Many of the new May records gave us unbounded delight. Achievements like the new *Siegfried's Journey to the Rhine* make our old orchestral records sound horribly tame and altogether impossible. They never did manage to raise a thrill, anyhow, and now we wonder however we endured them as well as we did. *Sing we at pleasure*, by the English Singers, and the *Naila Waltz*, by Backhaus gave much joy, and the Vocalion Co.'s records of Clara Serena and Tchaikovsky's *B flat minor Concerto* mark a distinct advance too. The orchestra in the latter is very good, but poor M. Sapellnikoff at the piano seems to be struggling against rather heavy odds.

We would like to offer the Vocalion and Parlophone companies our warmest thanks for the kindness they have shown us. May their bread be returned unto them a thousandfold.

We meet at the Clock Tower Chambers, Lewisham, on the second Monday of the month, and please address all enquiries to the Secretary, 34, Chalsey Road, S.E. 4.—FLORENCE GAMON, *Recording Secretary*.

TO ALL WHO TEACH

Beginning with the September number, THE GRAMOPHONE will contain a series of articles devoted to the educational use of the gramophone, written by Mr. W. R. Anderson, till lately editor of the *Music Teacher*. Of his qualifications it is unnecessary to speak, but the usefulness of the series will depend also largely upon the co-operation of those for whom the articles will be written. Suggestions as to the kind of information most needed to assist teachers will be welcome, and should be addressed to THE GRAMOPHONE, 58, Frith Street, London, W.1, and headed "Education."

Analytical Notes and First Reviews

CHAMBER MUSIC

COLUMBIA.

L.1751-4 (four 12in. records, 26s.).—The London String Quartet: *Quartet in D minor (Death and the Maiden)* (Schubert). Art Album Miniature scores: Eulenburg and Philharmonia.

Quite recently Columbia issued records of a Schubert quintet containing a set of variations based on one of the composer's songs, *The Trout*. This month they give us a quartet in which he has followed a similar plan, including in the work a slow movement (variations once again) whose principal melody is that of another famous song of his, *Death and the Maiden*. To my mind this quartet is even more lovely than *The Trout*, the variations in particular being more original.

Parts of it have already been recorded (notably by the Lener Quartet), but this is the first complete rendering so far as I know. And a very good one it is. The London String Quartet have given us their splendid best, and the new process is wonderfully successful in reproducing every nuance of their careful and imaginative interpretation. Chamber music has not hitherto proved very amenable to the new method, but these records hold out a definite hope that the difficulties can be overcome. There is still something to be done; the high notes of the violin are even now a little shrill and loud passages for all the instruments have an undesirable orchestral quality, especially when full chords have to be played. But these defects no longer hit one in the face as they used to do, and in clarity and subtlety the gain is enormous. It will doubtless be a long time before reproduction is able to satisfy in every particular the careful critics who read this magazine, but I am sure that this version will please all reasonable gramophiles; and, anyhow, the music is too beautiful for them to pass over. I ought to say that there were one or two very slight scratches on my pressings; I do not expect they will appear elsewhere, but those who are nervous can try over the discs before purchasing.

For the sake of brevity I have tabulated my analysis.

Side 1.—The exposition, containing (a) the first subject (bar 1 *et seq.*); (b) the second subject, a flowing melody in the major above a triplet accompaniment (min. score, p. 5, line 3, bar 4).

Side 2.—The development and part of the recapitulation. We do not get the first subject repeated in its original form, but we do get reminiscences of it after the return to the original key (p. 13, line 2, bar 5). The second subject follows in full on this side, and on.

Side 3.—This side also contains the *coda* which gives us the deferred restatement of the first subject.

Side 4.—The slow movement. The theme of *Death and the Maiden* with: Var. 1, solo for first violin with triplet accompaniment; var. 2, solo for 'cello; var. 3, a more vigorous version of the tune.

Side 5.—Var. 4, in the major; var. 5, in the minor; solo for second violin, 'cello and viola (successively). *Coda*.

Side 6.—*Scherzo* (in the minor), *Trio* (in the major), *Scherzo (da capo)*.

Side 7.—*Finale*. Three important themes appear: (a) a kind of *Gigue* in the minor, (b) a phrase in long notes and the major key (p. 41, line 2, bar 9), (c) a sort of dance with a faintly Spanish atmosphere (p. 46, line 2, bar 7). Then we return to (a).

Side 8.—After a little we reach (b) (p. 52, line 3, bar 5), and then (c) (p. 57, line 3, bar 1). The *coda* is founded on (a).

Note.—This analysis, which is intended to help readers to follow the music, is not on academic lines.

PARLOPHONE.

E.10460 (12in., 4s. 6d.).—Paul Mania Trio: *Nocturne in C* (Karl Matys) and Paul Mania Quartette: *Concerto Romance in G* (Karl Schneider).

E.10457-E.10459 (three 12in. records, 13s. 6d.).—Edith Lorand and Michael Raucheisen: *Sonata in A* (Op. 100) for Violin and Piano (Brahms) and (on E.10459) *Barcarolle* (Tchaikovsky).

Paul Mania.—There is competence in the writing of these pieces and in their rendering by Paul Mania and his little band. The music is not for the concert hall, but would fit in agreeably elsewhere. I can see myself on a summer evening sitting in an open-air restaurant and listening with lazy enjoyment to these easy-going tunes which soon get inextricably confused with my strawberries and cream. The recording is quite satisfactory.

The Brahms' *Sonata* played by Miss Lorand is a much more serious matter. On the advance pressing sent to me the work is called the *Meistersinger Sonata*—on account of the opening phrase of the first movement, I suppose, with its suggestion of the *Preislied*. Certainly there is little else in it to remind one of Wagner's masterpiece unless it be the rich lyricism of the mood. Even the violin seems astonished by the coincidence at the beginning and for twenty bars is unable to do more than utter faint gurglings of surprise. At last, however, it is reassured and the movement becomes a true duet, although the piano receives the lion's share throughout. I need only allude to one other theme: its rhythm is — u u u and it appears first about the middle of side 1; but it is not till a little later, when we see it sharing the "development" section with the *Preislied* subject, that we appreciate its full significance. Side 2 completes the movement with the normal recapitulation and a *coda*. As we approach the end Brahms sinks deeper and deeper into a mood of meditation and it is only by an effort that he rouses himself at last.

The second movement (sides 3 and 4) is one of those combinations of slow movement and *scherzo* of which the composer is so fond. We start with a sustained violin melody adorned with unobtrusive counterpoint and then break suddenly into a breathless *vivace* containing incidentally problems of rhythm and *ensemble* which bring out the musicianship of the players. Between these two strongly-contrasted moods the music alternates till the end.

The *Finale* begins in the middle of side 4 with a tune that recurs at intervals all the way through, after the manner of a *rondo*. More I have not space to say.

Miss Lorand's and Mr. Raucheisen's playing shows that they are more interested in Brahms than themselves and they succeed in communicating some of their enthusiasm to us, so that we hardly notice the rather noisy surface and the occasional failure of the piano to stand out as it should. The recording, without being remarkable, presents the music fairly and without undue distortion of the instrumental *timbres*.

The odd side of the third record is occupied by the familiar Tchaikovsky *Barcarolle*. I have nothing against its performance by the Edith Lorand Trio, but I find that it does not come well after the Brahms.

P. L.



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HIS MASTER'S VOICE.

D.1089 (12in., 6s. 6d.).—**Royal Albert Hall Orchestra** conducted by Ronald: **Finlandia** (Sibelius).

D.1090, 1091 (12in., 6s. 6d. each).—**Symphony Orchestra and Chorus: Revolutionary Scene** from **Boris Godounov** (Moussorgsky).

D.1094, 1095, 1096, 1097 (12in., 6s. 6d. each).—**Augmented Tivoli Orchestra** conducted by the composer: **Extracts from Der Rosenkavalier** (Strauss). D.1094.—**Waltz Movements and The Presentation of the Silver Rose**. D.1095.—**Trio and Finale, Act 3**. D.1096.—**Introduction to Act 1**. D.1097.—**Duet, Sophie and Octavian, and Presentation March**. On reverse of this record: **Royal Albert Hall Orchestra** conducted by Ronald: **Scherzo from Incidental Music to A Midsummer Night's Dream** (Mendelssohn). In an Art Album with notes.

Finlandia is a capital subject for the new process. Its sombre, craggy, warlike spirit is well conveyed by this recording, wherein, though the string tone is, as usual, not of the purest, the general temper of the music is more aptly given than in any previous recording. I can recommend this as a pungent example of the composer's work—not quite his most representative music, after all, for there is not in this piece quite the full flavour of his very remarkable and individual art. It is too much compressed for one thing. He needs a broad canvas for the unfolding of his thought, as in the symphonies, which we too rarely hear. They are not superficially attractive, but they reveal the mind of the man, and a great deal about his country, in a more intimate way than do many works by his contemporaries in Russia, for instance. He is a finer craftsman than most of them, and I think he has more to say; but it is not easy for us to come at the innermost thought and feeling of the man, for his language, in music as in normal speech, is strange. He is one of the composers of whom one feels sure that much stands behind the bleak and sometimes almost repellent utterance. *Finlandia*, of course, is a popular item on any programme—perhaps because it does not go very deep, and is short and uncomplex. But it is a good way from being the best, the most "meaty" Sibelius.

The plot of this extract from *Boris* is simple. Boris murdered the Tsarevitch Dmitri and usurped the throne. The ex-monk, Gregory, pretends to be Dmitri, and, appearing in Russia, is hailed as such by the people.

Side 1 starts at page 221 of the vocal score (Peters edition, 3790), and runs to page 234, end of line 1. Side 2 goes to page 251, line 1. Side 3 stops at page 260, line 1, and side 4 concludes the scene.

Thus the whole of Act IV., Scene 1 is given. It is a capital thing to have so full an extract.

The scene is a clearing outside the walls of Moscow. A crowd of vagabonds rushes in, dragging in chains a Boyard, Khroustov.

They "rag" him, bringing him an old crone as a mock bride, and pretending to pay him honour. There is bitterness in their horse-play, for they remind him of how his master, Tsar Boris, has treated their soldiers, driven them like beasts over the trackless steppe, not sparing the lash.

The whole of side 1 is thus occupied.

Side 2 brings a diversion. The village urchins come in, gulling a simpleton, who babbles to himself. (His part ends with his chromatic three-note whine, "Oh, dear me!").

Two new voices are now heard, those of Missail and Varlaam, a pair of vagabond monks who have fallen in with the Pretender Gregory.

They sing of the earth's terrible portents because of the wickedness of Boris, whom they curse. The crowd sings Pluck up courage, gather up our scattered forces, and prays for success in the fight.

Varlaam and Missail call on them to pay homage to "the chosen of God," Dmitri. They tell how Boris "sends his minions to harry innocent people, and puts them to torture." The people's wrath is inflamed, and they cry, "Slay Boris. Death to the regicide!" This is the end of the first record.

At the beginning of the second record two Jesuit priests pass by, singing a solemn hymn to Tsar Dmitri. The drunken Varlaam and Missail revile them (because they want no others proclaiming him, and so detracting from their importance), and

the crowd seizes them, crying out upon them in superstitious fear as "wizards." They are dragged away. A crowd of vagabonds appears. A procession of Dmitri's troops passes, heralding his appearance.

The drunken monks and the crowd cry, "Praise to our lawful Tsar." Dmitri enters on horseback. He solemnly promises them protection from Boris. The people, in a frenzy, shout for Dmitri, and cry "To Moscow! To the Kremlin!" They rush out. The stage is left empty save for the poor village idiot, who weeps and bemoans that "Soon the foe will come, and all the world grow dark. . . . Woe and sorrow always! Lament, Russian folk, poor hungry folk!"

With this fine dramatic stroke the scene ends.

Last month's *Boris* record (the Coronation Scene) was good. This is even better. The new process has not before been so finely justified. We have no better slice of opera, and few so considerable (apart from the small number of almost complete works). The solo work is extremely competent. The singers need strong, clear voices for the stark music of Moussorgsky. It is interesting to try to compute the artistry in him. Those sudden changes of key cannot always be defended on artistic grounds, but the sheer force of the thing, its ruggedness and elemental power, are the most attractive elements, I think. The man was an amazingly uneven genius, who proves yet again that however strong be natural ability, it is far more valuable when guided by the craftsman's skill, that only serious training can give.

Any extracts from the delightful *Rose Cavalier* music are highly acceptable, for Strauss has written nothing on so consistently high a level; but I rather wish that we could have had the original form of the music, and that it could have been given by musicians more fully familiar with the opera. These extracts are well played, and the effect would doubtless be even better in the atmosphere of the picture-house than it is here. It seems to me that the music's fibre has somehow been just a little coarsened. How far that is due to the re-scoring and how far to the circumstances of the recording, I cannot say. If you compare these records, though, with the single one of the *Princess's Monologue* that H.M.V. gave us about a year ago (D.B.373), I think you will feel that a little of the delicacy, the bloom, has been rubbed off the music. I was unable to see the film, but these records seem to be just the kind of thing that would suit a well-produced modern photo-play very well indeed. But that is not so good as having the atmosphere of this wonderful opera delicately evoked in the records. We have, I feel, good plumcake instead of the delicious confectionery of the original. It is an acceptable substitute, and I would pay a tribute to the recording, which, with the exception of such little defects as we are already familiar with in the new methods, is extremely good. The gorgeous chief waltz, for instance, is extremely effectively played. I believe that in most records the new process may rightly be considered to be "settling down." I do not think that mere familiarity with its idiosyncrasies is causing us to become used (or hardened) to such things as the string tone. It seems to me that, with occasional exceptions, that tone is already being improved and rendered less offensive. I would put in the strongest complaint (and have done so) about this, when it is really bad, for the strings are the foundation of the orchestra, and no amount of handsome quality in the wind will make up for a whining, fair-organ tone in strings; but the new methods give us so much that we could scarcely have hoped for a year ago, that we do well, I think, to have patience, and realise that perfection cannot be attained in a few months.

There are a few signs, in these records, of the results of (probably) insufficient rehearsal, by musicians only a part of whom knew the music really well. Certain little weaknesses in attack and ensemble are audible, and the balance is not always what Strauss wanted. The music is best heard at a little distance.

The significance of the various extracts will be tolerably clear. The introduction (D.1096) suggests the atmosphere of the opening scene, in which the Princess is discovered entertaining the youth Octavian in the absence of her husband. The vulgar Baron Ochs von Lerchenau, a relative of the princess, comes to ask if she has found a Rose Cavalier to bear the token of his love to Sophie, the daughter of the wealthy Herr von Faninal. The Princess chooses Octavian, but later, when she is alone, she wonders if that were wise. She is not so young as she used to be, and fears she may lose Octavian. Of course, the youth falls in love with Sophie, and after various intrigues, in which the Baron is neatly fooled, wins her. The Princess, in the end, realises that she has lost him, and, like a sportswoman, retires gracefully.

The waltz element in the opera is perhaps its most notable feature. Strauss refines and raises to a far higher power the dance-measure

that Johann Strauss touched so well in his day. Richard is the modern waltz king, using the form with great subtlety and informing it with a peculiar tenderness and beauty never achieved by any other composer.

The Mendelssohn *Scherzo* in the newer terms is most effective if you prefer the new "body" to the old. I like best of all a certain Columbia record of this.

PARLOPHONE.

E.10454 (12in., 4s. 6d.).—Orchestra of the State Opera House, Berlin: *Coriolanus Overture* (Beethoven).

E.10455 (12in., 4s. 6d.).—Orchestra of the State Opera House, Berlin: *Overture, The Gypsy Baron* (J. Strauss).

It was a happy idea of Reichardt that Beethoven's *Coriolanus Overture* was a finer picture of the composer than of the Roman hero and his wife and mother. The rugged strength and inner sweetness of the musician are bodied forth here.

Following the chief themes of the drama (Shakespeare's, not the tame work of Collin for which the overture was written in 1807), you may trace the character of Coriolanus in the first theme, and the prayers of his wife and mother, who begged him to spare his enemies, in the second. It is a little curious that Beethoven does not employ the "development" scheme of the normal overture here—probably from a desire for dramatic concision. That is a wonderful ending to the piece, in which the fiery opening theme falters and falls, as the hero's resolution is turned aside, to his own destruction.

The playing is on a high level, almost Parlophone's best. I do not quite feel the fire that ought to animate that opening passage, and the speed is scarcely *Allegro con brio*. The internal string work on pages 16 to 25 is rather too much of a distant mutter. One does not want it to stand out, of course, but it might be more shapely, I think. The colour and balance please me well. The break is at page 25, bar 4.

The other overture is by the waltz king Strauss. I believe they still play his operas in Germany, but we never hear them. Probably it is no great loss. His was a small talent, concentrated. He chose an attractive line of goods, and delivered them well. That is as good an epitaph as most of us can aspire to. The performance of this overture is slick and well turned. The bits of solo work are capitally done. Parlophone shines this month particularly brightly.

BRUNSWICK.

20041 (12in., 4s. 6d.).—Capitol Grand Orchestra, New York, conducted by D. Mendoza: *Overture, Pique Dame* (Suppé).

Take into consideration the facts that Suppé was of Belgian descent, that his family had lived for two generations at Cremona, that his full name was Francesco Ezechiele Ermenegildo Cavaliere Suppé Demelli, that at eleven he learned the flute, at thirteen harmony, and at fifteen produced a Mass; that he is called "the German Offenbach" (which is rather hard on that frequently charming composer), and you can account for *Pique Dame* and the rest of the hundred-and-sixty-odd works he made up. The secret of it all seems to me to be this: have something to live up to (even if it is only a name), and let not assurance be lacking. In Suppé's case some would call it cheek. It is expressed, musically, in the tunes in this overture—particularly in that which comes about an inch from the end of the first side. That is not to depreciate Suppé's particular brand of swagger. If you like that kind of thing, you will like his brand very much. The playing is appropriately coloured, though the balance is not very fine.

VOCALION.

K.05238 (12in., 4s. 6d.).—Aeolian Orchestra conducted by Stanley Chapple: *Symphonic Poem, Phaeton* (Saint-Saëns).

K.05233 (12in., 4s. 6d.).—Aeolian Orchestra conducted by Stanley Chapple: *Overture, Euryanthe* (Weber).

Phaeton is a typical product of the composer's lively and rather superficial imagination. The story is brief. Phaeton is the son of the Sun God (one book on Saint-Saëns calls the father Jupiter!), whose chariot he is allowed to drive across the sky. He loses control of the horses. The chariot is approaching the earth, mountains are set on fire, rivers are dried up in a trice. A collision seems inevitable, when Jupiter hurls a thunderbolt, destroying the chariot and saving the earth. Phaeton fell at the mouth of the Eridanus (Po). His sisters, who had harnessed the chariot, were turned into poplar trees, and their tears into amber.

We have no detailed "programme" from the composer. The first theme represents the start of the ride. Another, a five-note

theme repeated (trumpets and trombone), probably suggests Phaeton glorying in his feat. Towards the end of the first side comes a four-horn passage (violins reiterating a high B flat), which may represent either the dignity of the youth's father, the Sun, or as some suggest, the foreboding of Phaeton's sisters.

The best part of the piece is the working-up of the gallop on the second side. (This is cut, apparently; but I speak from memory only. If it is no harm is done, for we get a quite sufficient cinematographic idea of the affair.)

The lament theme concludes the work, which is played with good body and spirit. The new recording would give us a finer thrill here. But the music is scarcely worth doing again.

Euryanthe, though not a success itself (chiefly owing to its feeble libretto), was one of the causes of success in others. It influenced Wagner a good deal, and the manner of its influence can be observed if one studies closely Wagner's dramatic methods in his early overtures.

The high-mettled start puts us on the way to chivalrous (or would-be chivalrous) doings at once. The first air is that of the hero, Adolar, who thus proclaims his faith in his beloved Euryanthe (part of the trouble arose through his senselessness in accepting the wicked Count Lysiar's bet that he, the Count, could lead Euryanthe astray. The lackwits actually staked everything they had on it. If this is not about the daftest plot that was ever hatched . . .!). The next tune (also strings) is one in which Adolar expresses his joy at being reunited to his lady-love. Next comes one of Weber's always effective bits of mystery—the passage in slow time for violins in eight parts, with viols trembling below. Here was a tip that Wagner was not slow to take and use with fine effect. It occurs in the play when the silly Euryanthe is confiding a dread secret to a rival.

The following episode, with its imitations, is more or less "padding." The overture rolls on to a gay conclusion, for the witless Adolar and his pathetic Euryanthe are, of course, treated a great deal better than they deserve, and live happily ever after—the idiots.

The recording is pretty good, but there are surely too few strings. The wind is a trifle "peaky" here and there, but on the whole the performance gives a decent idea of the overture.

COLUMBIA.

L.1743 (12in., 6s. 6d.).—New Queen's Hall Light Orchestra conducted by Sir A. Mackenzie: *Overture, The Little Minister* (Mackenzie).

L.1744 and 1745 (12in., 13s.).—Royal Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Bruno Walter: *Prelude and Transformation Music from Parsifal* (Wagner).

L.1746 and 1747 (12in., 13s.).—Royal Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Bruno Walter: *Klingsor's Magic Garden and Flower Maidens from Parsifal* (Wagner).

3972 (10in., 3s.).—Jacques Jacobs' Ensemble: *Pastoral Dance and Merry-makers' Dance* (Neil Gwyn Dances) (German).

9092 (12in., 4s. 6d.).—The B.B.C. Wireless Symphony Orchestra conducted by Percy Pitt: *Minuet* (Boccherini) and *Les Millions d'Harlequin* (Drigo).

Sir Alexander Mackenzie's overture was written for Barrie's play nearly thirty years ago. Its cheery and homely strains are welcome in this permanent form. Most of us who have attended the play have missed much of the music before the acts, owing to our charming British habit of never taking any music seriously that goes with a play. (For that matter, we have yet to learn to take the theatre itself seriously.) The overture is built of original material, with the exception of the Scots tune of *Duncan Gray*.

It begins with a bagpipe skirl, and the music which in the play fits the scene of the struggle between the weavers and the soldiery. The slightly slower time brings in the first chief theme, a familiar Scots dance tune. Nearly midway in the first side comes a snatch of tune (taken from the reel at the end of the overture) that is a good deal used in development. It begins with a triplet figure.

A little past the middle the Little Minister's theme comes in—a lengthy melody, typifying the man's sweetness and sobriety. Soon *Duncan Gray* comes in, neatly combined with itself—the first strain of it below, the second above. A little developing matter brings us to the end of the first side. The second side holds some treatment of this material, and the overture winds up with the reel to which reference was made on the first side. The recording is quite up to Columbia's usual good average, the colours being clear and bright and the blend reasonably good.

I felt a little doubtful whether the new process could do finer justice to the *Parsifal* prelude than did the best recordings on the

old lines. I still think the older method best (at present) for this particular music. Its delicacy is a little smudged by the new tone, its ethereal quality made a little gross. The wood-wind gave me a qualm, in the centre of the first side. But then, those trumpets on side 2—could the old method give their tone so well? No. Honours are easy—and there is perhaps something to spare, on the side of the new ways. When the strings can get back their silky sway, without taking from us any of the new wind glories, we shall all throw up our hats. I cannot doubt that it will be done. Meanwhile, though I find these *Parsifal* records immensely interesting to study, I think it right to make my little reservation. Bating that, I have nothing but praise for Walter's impressive and indeed (in all that appertains to interpretation) nobly satisfying performance. The bells in the Transformation Scene are not good, however. Are they ever more than middling? This portion of the music is not quite so good as is the Prelude. There is not enough of it, for one thing.

It is not long since one of my colleagues was reviewing a *Magic Garden* record. The latest version (again without the voices) corresponds very well to the hectic colours in which this scene is usually staged. Frankly, there is rather too much of the tinsel-and-red-fire style of devilry in it—or so it strikes me. Walter and the new process together play that style for all it is worth; yet still the revelry is somehow decorous. Probably that is the fault of the tame staging we always get. It is a very mild affair, that scene of temptation.

The actual tonal results are extraordinarily good. Some of the solo bits are a shade coarse—the wood-wind's. The harp comes through extremely well.

The sweetmeats are nicely handed out, though the Drigo valse is a wee bit heavy-handed, I think. The bite of the plucked strings in the Boccherini is exceedingly realistic—so much so that on my new model H.M.V. instrument I get a little extra "ping" of my own, in addition to that the strings actually made. In this respect the new recording is startlingly true to life. By the way, at the end of the fifth bar from the end of the *Minuet*, does some fiddler play a wrong note—a top A instead of a D—as if he were playing the first strain instead of the last? I may be mistaken, but it seems so to me. It is a small point, which a reviewer only mentions, of course, to show that he really has listened to the record!

The Jacobs orchestra is a bright little body. The fiddle tone is a little hard-edged at times. All these small bands seem a trifle careless about rhythmic niceties, but this one gives quite good satisfaction in the two dances of German.

POLYDOR.

69812, 69813, 69814 (12in., 17s. 3d.).—**State Opera House Orchestra, Berlin**, conducted by S. von Hausegger: **Tasso** (Liszt). On last side: **Overture, Abu Hassan** (Weber) Eulenburg.

Breaks in the Liszt: Side 1, page 11, top line; side 2, page 19, end of top line; side 3, page 29, bar 9; side 4 turns back to page 27, beginning of *Allegretto quasi Menuetto* (repeating the last three pages of side 3) and ends at page 54, top line; side 5, to end.

During his visit to Venice in 1840 Liszt wrote a descriptive piano piece (partly inspired by Byron's *Lament of Tasso*) on the life of Tasso, the poet (1544–1595)—a contemporary of Palestrina. Nine years later it was played as an orchestral prelude to Goethe's drama *Tasso*, when the German poet's birth centenary was celebrated.

Later he revised the score, and also made a four-hand duet arrangement of it.

The full title is *Tasso: Lament and Triumph*. In his preface to the score he says that he tried to suggest three ideas: the poet's tragic fate (he went mad and was confined in an asylum for many years); next, the period in which he was at the height of his success at the Court of Ferrara; and lastly, the contrast between posthumous honour and the lack of it in life that distinguishes the world's treatment of some (though few) of its great men.

The sections of the symphonic poem (which is recorded in full) are clearly distinguished. The lament begins with a figure for the low strings that is much used throughout the piece. An *Allegro strepitoso* passage leads to the principal theme, that of the poet. This theme, a melody that Liszt heard the Venetian gondoliers singing, to a verse of Tasso, is heard on bass clarinet, with strings, horns and harps accompanying (page 11). Its mood is dejected, melancholy. After some development, a firmer mood ensues. The poet summons his resolution and realises his quality (page 19, *Meno adagio*).

The wind then muses, in recitative fashion, on the opening theme and we follow Tasso to the Court of Ferrara (page 27), where a *Minuet* sets the brilliant scene.

Some repetitions of the poet's theme and another strepitous moment (page 47) lead to the last scene, that of triumph (page 54). The first theme is fully dealt with, and the second thrown out in flamboyant style. The pace quickens and a broad tune, like a chorale, comes in (page 73). The gondoliers' tune is given out pompously (page 78) and so we sweep on to the end in a blaze of triumph.

And what is it all worth, when we come to the end? Apart from the quite effective opening, isn't it just about as cheap and vulgar a thing as even Liszt ever did? How thin is his *Minuet*; how dingy the "hurry music," with its *ad nauseam* sequences (e.g., pages 51–60). We remember him with respect as a seminal force in composition, by reason of his work on the symphonic poem. But, as with many people, his precept was better than his practice. "Don't do as I do; do the far finer things that men of real taste can do, on the lines I suggest," should have been his slogan.

Liszt was a man of abounding kindness and charity. But at the core of his artistic life was vulgarity, rampant and unashamed; and he very, very rarely prevented its coming out in his music.

Tasso is a sad monument of almost complete futility—and an extraordinarily interesting clue to a queer personality.

The recording does not thrill me, though it is mostly careful and competent. The strings sound rather woolly, and the force of players seems scarcely adequate. There is some pleasant wind tone. I find some of the continental oboes rougher than ours. It is so here.

Weber wrote *Abu Hassan* to a libretto by his friend Heimer, who had been his companion in the gay days when he was secretary to Duke Ludwig of Württemberg, a wastrel, and more than a bit of a blackguard.

The plot turns on the ancient trick played by a penniless pair, Abu Hassan and his wife, in order to obtain money. Each noises it abroad that the other is dead, and collects for the funeral.

The overture, as usual with Weber, brings in various tunes from the work. Its opening idea, for instance, comes from the final chorus.

The score includes plenty of extra percussion—side drums, triangle and cymbals. The form is a little unusual, in that the second of the two main themes (that given out by the oboe, after a pause and a horn passage) is not used again.

The recording is lively, piquant and precise. I like it very much. K.K.

INSTRUMENTAL

VIOLIN.

ACO.

G.15981 (10in., 2s. 6d.).—**Peggy Cochrane**: **Mazurka in A minor, Op. 67, No. 4** (Chopin-Kreisler) and **Chant sans Paroles** (Tchaikowsky-Kreisler).

BELTONA.

990 (10in., 3s.).—**Harold Macpherson**: **Scottish Medley** (two parts) (arranged by J. Downs).

HIS MASTER'S VOICE.

D.1099 (12in., 6s. 6d.).—**Isolde Menges**: **Berceuse** (Fauré) and **Malagueña** (Sarasate).

VOCALION.

K.05231 (12in., 4s. 6d.).—**Jelly d'Aranyi**: **Villanelle** (Pianelli-Salmon) and **Hungarian Dance No. 5** (Brahms-Joachim).

X.9803 (10in., 3s.).—**Samuel Kutcher**: **Poëm** (Fibich-Kubelik) and **Liebeslied** (Kreisler).

Peggy Cochrane's is a decidedly good specimen of the cheap record, containing as it does light and agreeable music, sympathetically played and well recorded on a smooth disc. The violinist has still something to learn about Chopin's *rubato*, but her playing is intelligent and sensitive.

Harold Macpherson, too, has given us quite a satisfactory record of Scotch tunes put together in rather a haphazard way with a jerry-built accompaniment. The playing is adequate and the player is not without the feeling for these melodies that his name suggests he should have. But surely these airs are among the things that Scotsmen like "neat."

Isolde Menges is efficient in the difficult *Malagueña* and more restrained in the *Berceuse* than most performers of that familiar

number. Certainly the "new process" is being improved; the high notes of the violin are far less "fluty" than they used to be and the reedy effect lower down has disappeared. The richness characteristic of the method makes the G string sound rather too like a 'cello, but that is a trifle.

It is only with the greatest trepidation that I venture to question Miss d'Aranyi's interpretation of the Brahms-Joachim *Hungarian Dance*, for this artist has had exceptional opportunities of studying the authentic tradition regarding it. And yet, while I admit that the rhythm is never broken, I cannot help feeling that it has been strained a little too far. As a result of this *rubato* I got the impression, after playing the record once, that the execution was rough. It was an impression that a second hearing dissipated, but all the same it should never have been created. I might add that even with a liberal allowance of repeats, this dance is rather short for a 12in. record. It is, however, a cheap one, and Miss d'Aranyi is always worth listening to (I have nothing but praise for her rendering of the *Villanelle*), especially when she is as well recorded as she is here.

Samuel Kutcher's playing is perhaps a little sentimental and his two pieces are not so interesting as others on this month's list. Still, they are good trifles as trifles go, and they are well recorded.

PIANO.

HIS MASTER'S VOICE.

D.B.929 (12in., 8s. 6d.).—Wilhelm Backhaus : *Waldesrauschen* (Liszt) and (a) *Waltz in D flat, Op. 64, No. 1* (Chopin), (b) *Etude in C major, Op. 10, No. 7* (Chopin).

D.1093 (12in., 6s. 6d.).—Arthur de Greef : *Rhapsodie Hongroise, No. 12* (Liszt) (two parts).

VOCALION.

K.05237 (12in., 4s. 6d.).—York Bowen : *Scherzo in B flat minor, Op. 31* (Chopin) (two parts).

ACO.

G.15963 (10in., 2s. 6d.).—Maurice Cole : *Sérénade* (Chaminade) and *Water Wagtail* (Cyril Scott).

Backhaus is a model of accuracy and technical skill, and Liszt suits him well. In Chopin he does not altogether satisfy me; the *Etude* goes excellently, but in the *Valse* I feel an absence of that romantic quality which made Pachmann's record of it such a sheer joy. It is a matter of temperament, no doubt, and perhaps this explains why Backhaus often sounds to me a little harsh on the gramophone. I tried part of the *Waldesrauschen* with a fibre needle and liked the effect. Some of the clarity was lost, but with it went all the overtones (or whatever they are) that troubled me with the loud steel needle.

De Greef.—This *Rhapsody* sets the most exacting problems to every one concerned. De Greef may be congratulated on the way he has surmounted his; Liszt clearly holds no terrors for him, and if he alters one or two of the *cadenzas*, at least he has the excuse that the composer used to do the same. I was particularly pleased by the ingenious way in which he avoids too much *fortissimo* and thus eases the heavy burden of the recording experts. For there can hardly be a work more difficult to record than this. It uses the whole gamut of the piano with the utmost freedom and even in the concert hall is apt to sound "tinkly" in some places and over noisy in others. Bearing all this in mind, I say that the company have done their work amazingly well. They have not achieved perfection nor anything like it, but they have given us by far the best record we have so far had of this piece. There is a considerable "cut" on the first side, but the *Rhapsody* is so loosely constructed that it does not matter much.

In his record of Chopin's *B flat minor Scherzo* York Bowen has omitted the repeat in the middle section which the composer regarded as sufficiently important to justify the trouble of making slight changes in the second version. I emphasise this because the company claim that this is the first complete recording of the *Scherzo*. It is not that, but it is very good notwithstanding. The pianist has hardly the ease or the silky touch of Moiseivitch, but he plays, I think, with greater clearness and accuracy. The recording is excellent. Those who are interested in comparing the old process and the new will no doubt enjoy the opportunity that this record and Moiseivitch's gives them.

Maurice Cole's clear, clean playing makes his record very acceptable. One of the pieces (*Water Wagtail*) is distinctly attractive; the other tries to do too much with a single idea and becomes dull in consequence. The surface of the record is a little noisy, but the tone of the piano is exceptionally good for a cheap disc.

'CELLO.

ACO.

G.15964 (10in., 2s. 6d.).—Marie Dare : *Memoire* (Popper) and *La Cinquantaine* (Gabriel-Marie).

VOCALION.

K.05232 (12in., 4s. 6d.).—Jacques van Lier : *Scherzo* (Arlecchino) and *Gavotte* from *Suite No. 1* (Florembassi).

REGAL.

G.8605 (10in., 2s. 6d.).—Ray Stannard : *Traumerei* (Schumann), and *Chanson Triste* (Tchaikovsky).

We get more good playing from two 'cellists, Marie Dare and Jacques van Lier—and the latter's performance of a difficult *Scherzo* by Florembassi deserves a special word of recognition. The reproduction, too, is entirely satisfactory in both cases, Marie Dare's record having a far smoother surface than Maurice Cole's (referred to above). None of the music that they give us is of much moment, but I confess to finding these guileless tunes rather a relief after the overdose of Wagner from which I have been suffering of late, just as I can imagine a Browning enthusiast turning gratefully to certain of the simpler poems of Wordsworth after a prolonged grapple with "Sordello."

Ray Stannard's is the only 'cello record over from last month. Some of the repeated high notes in the *Chanson Triste* are a little raw and the playing is not very imaginative. On the other hand it is not sentimental, and this great virtue combined with good recording covers a multitude of sins. I recommend the disc to those who like dreamy music but who do not wish their dreams to become a debauch.

ORGAN.

HIS MASTER'S VOICE.

B.2307 (10in., 3s.).—Herbert Dawson : *Grand Choeur* (Dubois) and *Bridal March* (Lohengrin) (Wagner).

ZONOPHONE.

A.301 (12s., 4s.).—Spencer Shaw : *Russian Patrol—March* (Rubinstein) and *The Storm* (Spencer Shaw).

2726 (10in., 2s. 6d.).—Spencer Shaw : *Melody in A* (Spencer Shaw) and *Land of Hope and Glory* (Elgar).

2727 (10in., 2s. 6d.).—Spencer Shaw : *Evensong* (Easthope Martin) and *The Holy City* (Stephen Adams).

2728 (10in., 2s. 6d.).—Spencer Shaw : *O God our help in ages past ; A few more years shall roll ; Jesu, lover of my soul ; and Holy, Holy, Holy ; Christian ! Seek not yet repose ; Hark, hark my soul.*

Herbert Dawson gives us agreeable organ music of the less severe order, but I should like it still better if he would use fewer reeds. The diapasons are the rock-bottom of organ tone and we don't want our houses built on sand. On the whole, I prefer the *Grand Choeur* where the full organ sounds very fine. The *Bridal March* does not come off so well. Reproduction in all these organ items is as good as ever.

I expect Spencer Shaw's records will supply a genuine want. I confess I rather like them, though they are full of things to make the "highbrow" aesthete shudder. They represent, I take it, a kind of Sunday evening recital at the village church, although both organ and performance are far better than one gets in most country parishes. The country vicar might frown, perhaps, at the *Russian Patrol*, but he would like *The Storm* (complete with bells, cuckoo, thunder, and all sorts of things). Personally, I was not much impressed by that particular piece and I think Mr. Shaw plays better than he composes. But the other things struck me as very well done—of their kind, of course, and in their way—and the instrument used has every kind of "gadget," including a drum effect that comes out much better in the record than the real thing usually does. The best disc, I think, is the one containing the hymn tunes, which are finely played, as though for congregational use. I suggest that the next set (I hope there will be more) be issued with little gaps between the tunes instead of the perfunctory modulations we get here. If this were done it would be possible to repeat each tune *ad lib.*, and we should have a very good substitute for an organ accompaniment for use at religious gatherings where instrument or player is lacking. P. L.

CHORAL RECORD

ZONOPHONE.

Trinity Choir (with pipe organ): *Hallelujah Chorus* (Handel's *Messiah*) and *Gloria* (Mozart's *Twelfth Mass*). A.300 (12in., 4s.).

I have been unable to get satisfactory results from this record. It seems as though even the new process recording has gone on strike at the forcible methods applied. But this is a record which expert manipulators of sound-boxes might be able to reduce to order, extracting good tone out of mere noise, and such people, if attracted by the titles, should try the record for themselves. Unfortunately, at its best, the *Hallelujah Chorus* recording could hardly supplant others, especially as no orchestra, but only organ is present. And the *Gloria* is hardly above common-place—it is now a universally-accepted fact that "Mozart's" *Twelfth Mass* is a spurious work. Trinity Choir's singing, as far as I can judge, is pretty good, and sound, though not too refined. Perhaps the male voices are a little over-strong.

C. M. C.

OPERATIC

ELSA ALSEN (soprano).—*Isolde Liebestod* from *Tristan and Isolde* (Wagner). Parlo. E. 10463, 12in., 4s. 6d.

ALFRED JERGER (bass).—*Wahn! Wahn!* and *Doch eines Abends spät* from Act 3 of *Die Meistersinger* (Wagner). Parlo. E.10463, 12in., 4s. 6d.

MAX HIRZEL (tenor).—*Prize Song* from *Die Meistersinger* (Wagner), and *Cavatina* from *Faust* (Gounod). Parlo. E.10462, 12in. 4s. 6d.

AMELITA GALLI-CURCI (soprano).—*Ai vostri ginocchi* and *Ed ora a voi canterò una canzone*, the Mad Scene from *Hamlet* (Thomas), in Italian. H.M.V., D.B.927, 12in., 8s. 6d.

MARCEL JOURNET (bass).—*La calunnia è un Venticello* from *Il Barbiere di Siviglia* (Rossini), in Italian, and *Vous qui faites l'endormie* from *Faust* (Gounod), in French. H.M.V. D.B.921, 12in., 8s. 6d.

JOHN CHARLES THOMAS (baritone).—*Vision fugitive* from *Hérodiade* (Massenet) and *Eri tu che macchiavi* from *Ballo in Maschera* (Verdi). Brunswick 50071, 12in., 8s.

SELMA KURZ (soprano).—*Ah non credea mirarti* and *Rondo finale* from *La Sonnambula* (Bellini). Polydor 72953, 12in., 6s. 9d.

FRIDA LEIDER (soprano).—*In deines Kerkers tiefe Nacht* and *Es glänzte schon das Sternenheer* from *Il Trovatore* (Verdi). Polydor 72975, 12in., 6s. 9d. In German.

UMBERTO URBANO (baritone).—*Ora per me fatale* from *Il Trovatore* (Verdi) and *Buona Zaza del mio buon tempo, Romanza*, from *Zazà* (Leoncavallo). Polydor 70708, 10in., 5s.

Elsa Alsen.—Novel themes seem as difficult to discover as new ideas. It is to the treatment rather than the subject-matter that the patient reviewer must look, if he would find anything interesting to talk about in this month's issue of discs fresh from the matrix. Parlophone seems to have been busy adding to its Wagnerian collection and incidentally making a genuine effort to improve its orchestral accompaniments. It has certainly succeeded in doing this for Fr. Alsen's smooth performance of *Isolde's Liebestod*, and, being executed in two parts, it does not suffer from undue haste as so many do. The recording seems to me extremely good and does justice to a really excellent interpretation of the great final scene from *Tristan*.

Alfred Jerger.—Here, in the *Wahn, wahn!* I am not equally sure that the tranquil beauty of the deep string passages are equally well realised; they sound thin and poor in quality, especially at the outset, though later on in the loftier regions there is not much fault to be found. But as to the merit of the vocal part there is no question whatever. The voice, being exceedingly sympathetic,

is ideally suited for expressing the genial, kindly nature of Hans Sachs, and gives out phrase after phrase with a *legato* smoothness and a certainty of intonation that are peculiarly welcome in the poet-cobbler's monologue. After all, it is only the start that is feeble. The rest is entirely satisfying.

Max Hirzel.—A very pleasant tenor here gives us yet a third Wagnerian excerpt from the same *atelier* in the shape of the *Prize Song*. He keeps well in tune and has a nice even scale to bridge over the passages from the medium to the head register. One wishes that the rendering had moments of greater brilliancy and vigour; a less apologetic Walther would be preferable. The other side of the disc has the same singer's idea of the *Cavatina* from Gounod's *Faust*. It is not my idea, even after making allowance for an inappropriate German version of the *Salut, demeure* we know so well. Does Herr Hirzel really imagine that the various turns and ornaments and other variations which he plasters so thickly over this lovely air would ever be tolerated for a moment by, let us say, a Parisian audience? I fancy we should scarcely put up with them in London. The only desirable feature in the whole piece is the pretty *false* high C, which Gounod intended.

Amelita Galli-Curci.—A characteristic interpretation of the Mad Scene for Ophelia from Thomas's *Hamlet*, sung in Italian by the "record" record-artist of our day will not be unwelcome to collectors of her wonderful H.M.V. productions. The tone and the manner are alike unmistakable; you would guess who was singing a hundred yards away. The neatness and *maestria* of the *coloratura* are as amazing as ever, and the long cadenza adds one more to the many flute and voice duets for which this accomplished vocalist is responsible.

Marcel Journet.—Two excellent H.M.V. examples of the French basso's talent—familiar enough, goodness knows, but well worth having. He is most at home, perhaps, in the *Faust* serenade, and his style therein is notable for its sheer *diablerie*, with true rhythm and all the old richness of timbre. Contrast, too, and sardonic touches are plentiful. In the *Calunnia* we perceive a reading quite different to Chaliapin's, more traditional, more purely vocal; but in its way it is just as cleverly humorous, significant, comic in spirit, and giving free rein to exaggeration within artistic limits.

John Charles Thomas.—A capable baritone, who, if I am not mistaken, was heard at some concerts in London two or three years ago; and presumably of American nationality. He pronounces Italian rather better than French; his style is robust and dramatic, but on the whole too ponderous and somewhat lacking in distinction. His *Vision fugitive* is good, but might easily be more imaginative and display less of the brutal side. The singer's attack is further emphasised by palpable evidence of what is known as the *Coup de la glotte* and he often disfigures his phrase with a "scoop." Into *Eri tu* he puts a lot of sentiment, but is apparently unaware of the funny effect produced by the accompanying orchestra with a joyous, tripping reading of the triplets which Verdi meant to be intensely tragic in their measured slow rhythm.

Selma Kurz.—The famous Austrian soprano has no difficulty in coping successfully with the *coloratur* demands of the *Ah! non giunge*, and even supplies additional obstacles of her own to add to its brilliancy, without reckoning the amazingly long shake at the end. In the still more exacting *Ah! non credea*, which, of course, precedes the *caballetta*, her pure style and clever breathing enable her to give full effect to the long, beautiful *cantilena* passages and achieve on the whole a good legitimate rendering of the whole aria. The recording is satisfactory.

Frida Leider.—Our old friend *Trovatore*—Germanised as *Troubadour*—is apparently as popular as ever with the audiences of Central Europe; otherwise I imagine we should not find singers of Frida Leider's stamp turning their attention every now and then to operas which their native high-brows are supposed to look down upon with contempt. There is not anything to choose between the Polydor samples here exhibited, both being splendidly sung, while the only difference compared with other records of the same pieces, to the critical ear, at least, lies in the variations of breathing and phrasing brought about by the substitution of German for the Italian text.

Umberto Urbano.—The words just written apply equally to the *Per me ora fatale* (not *Ora per me fatale*) from the same opera by this powerful baritone, whose accent proclaims his Teutonic nationality. The *Zazà* extract is also good.

HERMAN KLEIN.

SONGS

ACO.

John Thorne (baritone): *The Derby Ram and Wilt thou be my dearie* ? (W. Y. Hurlstone). G.15962 (10in., 2s. 6d.).

John Thorne (baritone): *Who is Sylvia* ? (Schubert) and *A Crusader's Song* (Hugo Wolf). G.15980 (10in., 2s. 6d.).

Thea Philips (soprano): *The lass with the delicate air* (Michael Arne) and *My love is like a red, red rose* (traditional). G.15979 (10in., 2s. 6d.).

PARLOPHONE.

Kenneth Ellis and Male Quartet with string quartet and flute accompaniment: *Sea Shanties* (arr. Henry Geehl): *Shenandoah* and *Amsterdam*; *The Drunken Sailor*, *Santy Anna* and *Lowlands Away*; *Blow a man down*, *Johnny come to Hilo*, *Rio Grande* and *Reuben Ranzo*. 5583-5 (three 10in., 2s. 6d. each).

VOCALION.

John Buckley and Chorus with piano accompaniment by Stanley Chapple: *Sea Shanties* (arr. R. R. Terry): *Bound for the Rio Grande*, *Blow the man down*, *Tom's gone to Hilo* and *Billy Boy*; *Shenandoah*, *Johnny come down to Hilo* and (arr. Whitehead-Taylor-Harris) *A long time ago and Fire down below*. X.9786-7 (two 10in., 3s. each).

Selma d'Arco (soprano) accompanied by Percy Kahn: *Les Filles de Cadiz* (Delibes) and *A Spirit Flower* (Campbell Tipton). A.0264 (12in., 5s. 6d.).

Malcolm McEachern (bass) accompanied by B. C. Hilliam: *I'm a lone man* (Elsie April) and *On the road to Mandalay* (W. W. Hedgecock, from Kipling's *Barrack-room Ballads*). K.05230 (12in., 4s. 6d.).

Ernest Butcher (baritone) accompanied by Stanley Chapple: *The Lazy Shepherd* (Dick Henty) and *Parson and me* (Claude Arundale). K.05235 (12in., 4s. 6d.).

Ethel Hook (contralto) accompanied by Edith Page: *Sweet and Low*, *Lullaby* (Johnson) and *Love's old sweet song* (Molloy). K.05236 (12in., 4s. 6d.).

Morlais Morgan (baritone) accompanied by Stanley Chapple: *Arise, O Sun* (Craske Day) and *Trooper Johnny Ludlow* (Gordon Temple). X.9802 (10in., 3s.).

POLYDOR.

Fritz Windgassen (baritone): *Der Rattenfänger* (The Ratcatcher) (Hugo Wolf) and *Annechen von Tharau* (Silcher). 62499 (10in., 4s. 6d.).

Jenny Sonnenberg (contralto) with orchestra: *Die Ehre Gottes in der Natur* (Die Himmel rühmen, von Beethoven) and *Morgenhymne* (Morning Hymn, Henschel). 62496 (10in., 4s. 6d.).

HIS MASTER'S VOICE.

Anne Thursfield (mezzo-soprano) (in French) accompanied by Daisy Bucktrout: *L'amour est un enfant trompeur* (Martini, arr. Weckerlin) and *Romance* and *Mandoline* (Debussy). E.428 (10in., 4s. 6d.).

Tudor Davies (tenor): *Loreley* (Liszt) and *The River* (Elgar). D.1098 (12in., 6s. 6d.).

Eric Marshall (baritone) accompanied by Maurice Jacobson: *Immortality* (Cyril Scott) and *Speak, Music* (Elgar). E.425 (10in., 4s. 6d.).

Elena Gerhardt (mezzo-soprano) accompanied by Paula Hegner: *Gretchen am Spinnrade* (Gretchen at the spinning-wheel), Op. 2 and *Auf dem Wasser zu singen* (Singing on the water), Op. 72 (Schubert). D.B.916 (12in., 8s. 6d.).

John Goss (baritone) with The Cathedral Male Voice Quartet: *Sheep Shearing* (Dorset folk song, arr. J. E. Moeran), *Ah robin, gentle robin* (W. Cornyshe) and *Fie, nay prithee, John* (Henry Purcell). B.2314 (10in., 3s.).

Leonard Gowings (tenor): *Songs my mother taught me* (Dvorák) and *So fair a flower* (Löhner). B.2300 (10in., 3s.).

BRUNSWICK.

Isa Kremer (soprano) (in Jewish): *Haskale* and *Die Mezinke* (folk songs). 40023 (10in., 3s.).

Isa Kremer (soprano) (in Russian) with violin and piano accompaniment: *Two Guitars* and *Leissia, Leissia* (Gypsy songs). 40027 (10in., 3s.).

Mario Chamlee (tenor): *Liebestraum* (A dream of love) (Liszt, Nocturne No. 3) with piano (Frederic Persson) and string quartet and *Goin' Home* (from the *Largo* of Dvorák's *New World Symphony*, arr. Fisher) with orchestra. 30113 (12in., 6s. 6d.).

BELTONE.

Justine Griffiths (contralto): *Songs my mother taught me* (Dvorák) and *Still as the night* (Bohm). 6054 (10in., 3s.).

Herbert Thorpe (tenor): *Annie Laurie* (traditional) and *The star o' Robbie Burns* (James Booth). 6053 (10in., 3s.).

COLUMBIA.

Edgar Coyle (baritone): *Earl Bristol's Farewell* and *Now is my Chloris* (C. A. Lidgely); and *Take, oh take those lips away* and *Hey! ho! the wind and the rain* (from Roger Quilter's *Three Shakespeare Songs*). 9097 (12in., 4s. 6d.).

Doris Vane (soprano) with orchestra: *Because* (Teschemacher and d'Hardelet) and *I dreamt I dwelt in marble halls* (Balfe's *Bohemian Girl*). 3880 (10in., 3s.).

The Salisbury Singers (unaccompanied male voice quartet): *Come let us join the roundelay* (Wm. Beale) and *Drink to me only* (Ben Jonson and Col. Mellish, arr. Dr. Ivimey). 3975 (10in., 3s.).

REGAL.

Lilian Gibson (contralto): *Danny Boy* (Weatherley; air: *The Londonderry Air*) and *Abide with me* (Liddle). G.1027 (12in., 4s.).

Once again *John Thorne* gives us one of the month's best records on a half-crown Aco disc. This time, moreover, he has chosen music which deserves far more attention than is commonly given to it. Hurlstone was only thirty years old when he died, twenty years ago. He is commonly said to have been one of Stanford's favourite pupils. He wrote a good deal of chamber music, a little orchestral and choral, piano pieces, and many songs. Much of his music is far below first-rate, but at his best he wrote music which ought to be known by everyone. *The Derby Ram*, for instance, is a splendid exhilarating song of the nonsense folk song type; and even *Wilt thou be my dearie*?, which is less good, slightly suggestive of Quilter, has character, and is well worth singing. In these two songs the accompaniments are significant enough and well enough played to make us ask for the name of the accompanist. When you get to know *The Derby Ram*, notice the delightful bit of canon at the beginning of verse 2, and the particularly perky chimes in the last verse. It is a slight defect, and unusual with Thorne, that a few words are inaudible in *Wilt thou*.

John Thorne has now also tackled one of the loveliest and most popular of Schubert's songs, and for once he has not done his song justice. *Who is Sylvia*? is far too matter-of-fact, and could hardly be otherwise at the swinging pace set, which seems the popular pace in England. Since a few months ago I have Emmy Bettendorf as witness in favour of a slow pace and a smooth, floating, almost dreamy singing. But Hugo Wolf's *Crusader's Song* is a finely-conceived song finely realised by Thorne. His diction again fails at times, but still this song alone would make the record a bargain at half-a-crown.

Another Aco bargain is *Thea Philips's* record of two excellent songs sung just well enough. The Arne (which should be a man's song) is none too delicate, the Scottish song (*decidedly* a man's song) is a difficult piece of work well managed on the whole. Among *Thea Philips's* imperfections is a slight tendency to unsteadiness.

Nothing could be more welcome than the extraordinary boom in *Sea Shanties*; but if gramophone companies continue to turn out discs of them at the present rate, justice will demand special articles to deal with them. None of this month's is among the best we have had, but one or two are among the less-known shanties, now, I think, recorded for the first time. All of these now reviewed make one ask, why have any instrumental accompaniment, when a chorus is present? Here, if ever, are "community" songs. One is bound, however, to admit that the piquant accompaniments are a delightful addition to Parlophone's *Drunken Sailor* and *Amsterdam* ("I'll go no more a-roving") particularly the gay

whistlings of the flute. Otherwise, the Parlophone shanties are not too good. They are a little sophisticated—there is a faint whiff of the drawing-room in their atmosphere, and withal the performance and reproduction are not perfect. Parlophone give leaflets with the records, giving the words. I have not seen them, but the idea is excellent. The versions of the shanties are rather different from those by Sir Richard Terry, who seems to be our greatest authority on such songs. He might have many criticisms, but there are no glaring faults to the ordinary landsman-musician, though *Shenandoah* has some of its rhythmic variety (and vitality) taken out.

The Vocalion shanties, both those in Terry's versions and those arranged by Whitehead-Taylor-Harris—(how many persons does this three-fold name represent? I confess ignorance)—are moderately well rendered.

Les Filles de Cadix is presumably (I have to admit perhaps reprehensible ignorance) an aria from one of Delibes' operas, and is not perhaps strictly within my bounds. It bears such a strong family likeness to Delibes' famous *Bell Song*, and is so essentially Delibes that for some time I was able to overlook its pseudo-Spanish element. Probably all operatic "fans" are familiar with Selma d'Arco's voice and methods. She is a typical coloratura, with a very flexible, pleasing voice, and she sings this type of music with ease and freedom. I defy anyone unfamiliar with the aria to guess right every time as to whether she is really shaking, or whether it is merely the persistent tremolo she allows herself. *A Spirit Flower* is a drawing-room ballad which has aimed at something higher than its fellows. Madame d'Arco's English is far from perfect.

Kipling's *On the road to Mandalay* is not one of his poems in which I see real value; but here is music well-matched to it, sung with tremendous effect. *I'm a lone man* is mere vocal display. One might wish, moreover, that McEachern would sacrifice some of his round tone in the cause of diction.

Ernest Butcher is clearly an expert impersonator of the country yokel—albeit, one with a robust voice and an unusually clear dialect. One starts by thinking this record silly, but it's hard to resist the fun.

All I can recommend in *Ethel Hook's* record is clear diction, good tone, and good recording.

Morlais Morgan, too, is wasted this month, though anyone who wants the songs he sings will search long for better records of them.

Fritz Windgassen gives us a splendid performance of one of Wolf's most brilliant exhilarating songs. I must compare it with another Polydor recording of *The Ratcatcher*, issued a few months ago. Windgassen has no orchestra, but not much is lost, if anything—indeed, the piano part is so effective and pianistic that it is possibly even better than the orchestral. Reproduction is really excellent. Windgassen sings, I think, the better—he has fine spirit, and a fine voice which he uses well, and certainly he doesn't spoil the swing of the song. Perhaps he might show a wee bit more subtlety.

Silcher's song is not very distinguished, but it is good enough to companion *The Ratcatcher*, and, in fact, it may be its melody grows on one. Silcher is, I think, little known in this country. He was a Würtemberger composer of much vocal music, who died about sixty years ago, aged about seventy.

Sir George Henschel's *Morning Hymn* is being sung a good deal now, but it is not yet generally familiar. It is an impressive song in the classical German tradition. *Jenny Sonnenberg* is well up to the high standard of Polydor's solo singers. She sings both songs with a good measure of the dignity which both demand. The orchestra is decidedly good. It has not, of course, quite the clarity which we are getting used to on the new English orchestral records, but tonally and in most ways it is at least as good.

H.M.V. and *Anne Thursfield* have now solved the problem of faithfully reproducing her voice, bright and rich in overtones as it is. This record of three French songs is full of charm, and, I think, worthy of her high reputation. Her French diction is perfect, as far as I can judge. I almost can, and probably could in time, follow every word without previous knowledge of them, than which tribute I can pay no higher. Daisy Bucktrout (whose name is, I believe, often coupled with Anne Thursfield's) has well earned the mention of her name. The piano part, a vital factor here, is splendidly played. The instrument might have been given a wee bit more prominence.

There is another good *Tudor Davies* record. His most urgent need now is correction of diction. If he gets rid of exaggeration of some consonants (especially his *r's*), indistinctness of others, and distortion (including over-darkening) of some vowels, probably

all his words will then be clear. Neither of his songs for this month thrills me greatly.

Why doesn't Scott's *Immortality* move one greatly—even after several hearings? One feels that both poem and music are fine stuff, yet somehow the song leaves one unimpressed. I suspect that in it Cyril Scott has set a poem which doesn't call for any musical setting (to which criticism composers always have, of course, the retort that we ought at least to credit them with feeling a musical impulse in poems they set). The great attraction in *Eric Marshall's* singing is the general good instinct and feeling he has for his work. He has certain definite faults which are especially noticeable in the Elgar. His words are often indistinct. He has a tendency to break the rhythmic flow of a song. He doesn't seem to have sufficiently studied verbal accent, e.g., he stresses a suggested false accent in *Speak, Music*, on the word "mus-ic." Yet he is always pleasant to listen to, and is indeed doing some good work.

Elena Gerhardt's record of *Auf dem Wasse* is one of her very best—a simply gorgeous performance of one of Schubert's brightest, most glowing songs. *Paula Hegner*, too, is perfect in a piano part which cannot be placed second to the voice part in importance; and the recording is ideal. There is only one defect, I think, which, however, it will take some time to be reconciled to, and to ignore—the sustained note near the end of each verse is never quite in tune.

But *Gretchen* is not so good. It is true that Gerhardt's own wonderful dramatic feeling is there, and that one can only criticise details. But I maintain that these details are essential, and have a definite effect on the whole performance, and if you agree with Plunket Greene's ideas you will have to agree with me, for I believe I am no more than following his principles, to be found both in his own singing and in his singer's classic, *Interpretation in Song*. In the phrase "Ich finde, ich finde sie nimmer und nimmermehr" where does the natural break (if any) come? Surely after the first "Ich finde" (I find) rather than in "nimmer und nimmermehr" (never and nevermore). The nature of the musical phrase only strengthens that contention. On the other hand, in another place, a rest is ignored (if Friedländer's edition is correct), and two phrases knocked into one. Both these incidents occur at least twice in the song.

The slight tremolo that Madame Gerhardt seems to be developing is hardly so noticeable here as in some recent records of hers.

John Goss and the *Quartet* have provided one of the best records of the month at one of the lowest prices. I cannot believe that anyone, whatever his tastes, could resist the delights of these three songs. The Purcell is a real little musical masterpiece, and at the same time one of the liveliest catches (or is it a round?) ever written. The folk-song is a very beautiful one, well arranged. (Absence of instrumental accompaniment is very welcome.) And the Cornyshe is a good third. Words are not quite so distinct in the ensemble as in Goss's solos—it seems as if this is inevitable. But copies of the Purcell and the Cornyshe can probably be had for a few pence each.

Dvorák is a good example of the composer who (as far as song-writing goes) is wrongly regarded by most people as a one-song man. *Leonard Gowing's* record would be more valuable if he had given us two Dvorák songs instead of only one, and that a lovely but over-sung one, and rightly a woman's song. He takes *Songs my mother taught me* rather slowly, making it rather too broken. He puts much feeling into it, but the song asks for a subtle blend of tenderness and passion (perhaps such as only a woman could give) rather than sentimentality.

Readers (if any) of these reviews probably conform more or less to one of two groups: those who are interested only in the well-tried and familiar types, whether of songs or of singers; and those who have an insatiable musical wanderlust, who are interested in every genuine piece of expression within their reach, until it is proved to be dull. No one who claims to belong to this second group can afford to ignore the two *Isa Kremer* records issued this month. Many will hate them. There is an elemental ferocity in them which frequently (be it said, obviously intentionally) becomes absolute shouting. One can hardly imagine tolerating it in an English singer. But here, if ever, is an intense racial sense behind the songs and the singing. The songs have a powerful expression all their own. I have not the least idea what they are all about, nor whether the singer's diction is good or bad. For once, I care for none of these things. (The understanding of the words of songs is generally very desirable, occasionally indispensable. But people who say that all songs are meaningless without its words, show that their understanding of the real nature of music is very limited.) There is an extraordinary affinity to the *Volga Boat Song* in the Jewish *Haskele*. *Isa Kremer* has a very powerful,

rich voice, and makes uncompromising use of her chest voice with extraordinary effect.

Chamlee's singing of *Liebestraum* cannot be compared with last month's *Schipa*. There is hardly a clean note from start to finish. At the third time of playing, I began to realise that he was singing in English, having recognised travesties of several English words. He has the Italian style with its most excessive sentimentality, but with it all he does not carry one away, does not sweep along, as *Schipa* does. The *Largo* of the *New World Symphony* has been turned into a conventional nigger song. Apart from the legitimacy of such a procedure, it is not a success. All character is lost.

When a singer realises that there is a branch of his art known as phrasing, he begins to detach himself from the huge mass of undistinguished people now posing as singers. I cannot believe that *Justine Griffiths* has yet realised the existence of such a thing as phrasing. She sings the first two lines of *Songs my mother taught me* thus:—

Songs my Mother [break] taught me
In the days [break] long vanished.

But when one has played the whole record, these anomalies appear trifling compared with others that follow. She has a beautifully sympathetic voice, which could, I think, be entirely freed from typical contralto vices.

It is difficult to know what to say of *Herbert Thorpe's* latest record. It seems to have neither merits nor defects outstanding. Phrasing is not good. Probably his special admirers will enjoy him as much as ever.

Edgar Coyle is full of possibilities, not the least of which are a pleasing, useful voice and diction which at times it is a joy to hear. He hasn't, at present, a great sense of all-through-ness, of rhythmic continuity, and he needs to develop sensitiveness, responsiveness, imagination. If he could get away from a tendency towards the disease of melancholy, he might become very good indeed. But *Earl Bristol* is, anyhow, not exactly a cheering person, however philosophical. The *Chloris* song is much more exciting, and is sung with some gusto. The *Quilters* are pretty good, especially *Hey! ho!*

We are waiting for *Doris Vane* to give us something from which it is possible to judge what she really can do with her voice. Probably these are as good recordings as most, of the two songs chosen.

Dr. Ivimey's arrangement of *Drink to me only* is commonplace, yet far-fetched. The melody has a simple beauty which is choked. It is, after all, best in its original form as a simple little solo. *Come let us join the roundelay* is very jolly as such things go. The *Salisbury Singers* are a very finished combination of their type.

Danny Boy is, I think, fairly well known of the countless versions of the *Londonderry Air*. It cannot be specially recommended to those who have not yet met it. Neither words nor musical arrangement really rise to the level of the air (what words or "arrangement" could? The air can only be left as far as possible to speak for itself.) *Lillian Gibson* has a powerful voice, with much of the usual contralto difficulty over some vowels. Her voice records well.

C. M. C.

EXCHANGE AND MART (contd. from p. xxv).

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BAND RECORDS

ACO.

- G.15966 (10in., 2s. 6d.).—Band of H.M. Welsh Guards: *Reminiscences of Mendelssohn* (arr. Godfrey), Parts 1 and 2.
 G.15967 (10in., 2s. 6d.).—Palace Military Band: *The Standard Bearer March* (Fahrbach) and *Britain's First Line—Naval Patrol* (Williams).

BELTONA.

- 1004 (10in., 2s. 6d.).—Beltona Military Band: *The King's Escort March* (Ellis) and *The Soldiers' Chorus, Faust* (Gounod).

COLUMBIA.

- 9087 (12in., 4s. 6d.).—Band of H.M. Grenadier Guards: *Poet and Peasant Overture* (von Suppé), Parts 1 and 2.
 3890 (10in., 3s.).—Band of H.M. Grenadier Guards: *Rigoletto Selection* (Verdi), Parts 1 and 2.
 3925 (10in., 3s.).—Band of H.M. Grenadier Guards: *Il Trovatore Selection* (Verdi), Parts 1 and 2.

DUOPHONE.

- A.1028 (12in., 4s.).—Mackenzie-Rogan's Military Band: *Poet and Peasant Overture* (von Suppé) and *Fra Diavolo Overture* (Auber).
 B.5146 (10in., 2s. 6d.).—Mackenzie-Rogan's Military Band: *Graceful Dance—Henry VIII. Dances* (Sullivan) and *Gypsy Rondo* (Haydn).

HIS MASTER'S VOICE.

- B.2299 (10in., 3s.).—Band of H.M. Coldstream Guards: *Private Ortheris* (Ansell), Parts 1 and 2.

REGAL.

- G.8566 (10in., 2s. 6d.).—Silver Stars Band: *Selection of Wilfred Sanderson's Songs*, Parts 1 and 2.
 G.8585 (10in., 2s. 6d.).—Silver Stars Band: *Selection of W. H. Squire's Songs*, Parts 1 and 2.
 G.8586 (10in., 2s. 6d.).—Silver Stars Band: *Merry Wives of Windsor Overture* (Nicolai, arr. D. Godfrey).
 G.8574 (10in., 2s. 6d.).—Besses o' the Barn Band: *Edwinstone* (arr. Owen) and *Harvey House* (Gaskell, arr. Owen).

VOCALION.

- K.05234 (12in., 4s. 6d.).—Band of H.M. Life Guards: *Ouverture di Ballo* (Sullivan), Parts 1 and 2.

ZONOPHONE.

- 2711 and 2712 (two 10in., 5s.).—Home Guards Band and Choir: *Wembley Military Tattoo*, Parts 1, 2, 3, and 4.
 2725 (10in. 2s. 6d.).—Black Diamonds Band: *In a Persian Market* (Ketelbey) and *the Caliph* (G. W. Byng).

A thoroughly bad record is a comparative rarity nowadays, but *Reminiscences of Mendelssohn* can only be put into that class. The recording is not at all successful, the playing is poor and the selection has not been "cut" judiciously. The tempi are painfully dragged in places and the whole reading and playing is curiously lacking in punch. *Britain's First Line* is a patrol built up on old nautical songs. It is very cleverly done and is both well-played and recorded, as is *The Standard Bearer*, which, however, is rather a monotonous march. *The King's Escort* contains much more variety and is both played and recorded well. The piccolo obbligato is neither too prominent nor too retiring. *The Soldiers' Chorus* from *Faust* lends itself admirably to a military band arrangement and a very successful record of it has been accomplished.

The three new records by the Grenadier Guards Band are all made by the new process and are very brilliant. *The Poet and Peasant Overture* must have been recorded scores of times, but this version will be none the less welcome to many people, and, as is to be expected, it is an advance on all previous issues. I dislike the arrangement as the air in the section immediately following the brief introduction is given to the saxophone as a solo. In most arrangements this is played either by the clarinets or the horns. Either of these is preferable to the present one. The solo saxophone lacks depth and body and sounds very thin and reedy on the higher notes. Both the new operatic selections are good and one is very glad to see that some of the better-known airs have been omitted in favour of lesser known ones. Thus, *The Anvil Chorus* and *Home to our mountains* are not included in the

selection from *Il Trovatore*, side 2 of which, however, is completely devoted to the popular *Miserere*. Similarly, in the *Rigoletto Selection*, *Caro Nome* and *La Donna è Mobile* are omitted, but room is found for *Questa o Quella*. The second side of the latter record is rather a disappointment. It contains the famous quartet *Bella figlia dell'amore*, in which the tenor part is played by the trombone. I have heard this arrangement before and to me it always sounds too ponderous. In this record, moreover, the tone of the instrument is rather unsteady.

It is hardly fair to compare the record previously mentioned with the very much cut version of *The Poet and Peasant Overture* recorded by the old process by the Duophone Company. A comparison is, however, inevitable, and it is rather surprising to find that the bass comes out even better in the latter than in the former. Nevertheless, the former is without doubt the better record and would have been even better had tympani been used as they have by Lieut.-Col. Mackenzie-Rogan. *Fra Diavolo*, even in this attenuated version, contains a lot of padding and is not very interesting. A far better record in every way is the one which contains Haydn's *Gypsy Rondo* and Sullivan's *Graceful Dance*. The delicacy of the playing is quite in keeping with the music and this record can be recommended to all and sundry without hesitation. I do not know from what the rondo of Haydn is taken, but it is a very welcome addition to the repertoire of military band music.

Private Ortheris is founded on *The British Grenadiers*, *The Campbells are coming*, and other well-known songs of this type. These are entwined together and developed with free variations in a very musicianly fashion. The playing of the Coldstream Guards Band is excellent and the recording full and effective.

For those who like selections of popular songs, the two records by the Silver Stars Band of the songs of Wilfred Sanderson and W. H. Squire respectively will prove splendid value at half-a-crown each. The recording and playing are quite good and, as is usual in Regal records, the surfaces are beautifully silky. I very much wish I could say as much for this band's record of *The Merry Wives of Windsor Overture*. The recording is fair on the whole, though the reiterated four notes at the beginning can hardly be heard until the drum is reinforced by other instruments. I do not like the tempo adopted by Mr. Ketelbey for the section which commences about two-thirds of the way through side 1. The intonation throughout is by no means impeccable and that of the cornet at the beginning of the second side really bad.

Edwinstone and *Harvey House* are two sacred airs of the type that frequently appear in brass band programmes under the style of "Air Varie." The legato playing is beautifully broad and smooth, and well sustained. The recording is free from blemish.

Sullivan's *Ouverture di Ballo* is really magnificently played by the Life Guards Band and is the most attractive record among those at present under review. I have not got a score, but speaking from memory there are only two small cuts, one near the beginning and one near the end, and both are harmless. The clarinet playing throughout is superb and if there is any criticism to offer it is that the long and difficult runs on this instrument in the brilliant finale are not quite prominent enough. This is real "middle-brow" music and, with very few exceptions, should be enjoyed by all.

The supremacy of the Grenadier Guards' records of the *Wembley Military Tattoo* is once more unsuccessfully challenged—this time by the Home Guards Band, complete with all the necessary etceteras. The programme differs somewhat from that in all the other versions I have heard and is not very successful. The recording is brilliant, but the diminuendos used to suggest the effect of fading away in the distance are not very well managed. This new version, however, scores over all of them on one point—the recording of the three strokes on the drum at the beginning of *Les Huguenots Troop*. They have to be heard to be believed. On the whole, there is little to choose between this set of records and the other 5s. version (Regal). The former are rather more brilliantly recorded, but the programme of the latter is the better.

The Caliph is a pleasing light composition which hints at Scheherazade here and there and which contains a few other snippets which are vaguely familiar. The oriental touches are not as crude and obvious as is the case in many works of this type and playing and recording are excellent. Still another version of *In a Persian Market* has appeared, this time recorded by the new process. Let us hope that all the other Companies will not think it incumbent upon them to record it.

W. A. C.

DANCE NOTES

By Richard Herbert

I HAVE much to say and very little space in which to say it, as I have been crowded out by 142 tunes, each struggling for some kind of recognition; so conciseness shall be the rule with my remarks. The rage is now the one-step, or the paso-doble as my critics would tell me, the paso-doble misinterpreted as the one-step. What I have often wondered is: Does the rage produce the good tune, or the good tune the rage? I think the latter, but if it is so the rage has certainly encouraged the production of other good tunes, as there are now several which are better than almost any of the present fox-trots. Vocal choruses become more and more the rule, the more, it seems, that I deplore them. So I shall now hold my tongue, and if the same thing goes on, to-morrow I shall stop up my ears and take at last and very reluctantly to cross-word puzzles.

Before proceeding to the detailed lists of this month's records I must mention again three of last month's late list in case they should be overlooked. Parlo. E.10449 (12in.), *Pester Waltz, Parts 1 and 2*, played by Marek Weber and his Famous Orchestra; H.M.V. B.5049, *Spaventa* (tango) and *Confession* (tango), played by the Rio Grande Tango Band; and H.M.V. B.50F4, *Valentine* (one-step) and *So does your old Mandarin* (fox-trot), Jack Hylton and his Orchestra. All are first class.

FOX-TROTS

H.M.V. B.5063.—*Somebody's Eyes* and *Tenting down in Tennessee* (Savoy Orpheans). Neither tune has outstanding merit, although the first is not bad; what makes this record worth buying is the way it is played—the very best Savoy Orpheans—and its recording; it has all the best qualities of its make.

H.M.V. B.5069.—*Drifting and Dreaming* (V.) (George Olsen and his Music) and see "Waltzes." In this record the strings are particularly good and there is an amusingly ingenious vocal chorus.

H.M.V. B.5056.—*Rose of Samarkand* and *When it's June down there* (Jack Hylton and his Orchestra). The playing of this record is of a kind that convinces one that there must be more in "jazz" than meets the eye. *Samarkand* has wonderful orchestration, fine volume, and tone—Jack Hylton, in fact, pulls out all the stops.

H.M.V. B.5057.—*I don't believe it, but say it again* (V.) and *Chinky Butterfly* (Savoy Orpheans). Here again is the Savoy Orpheans' inimitable "go." Played less loudly than their other record, this is full of variety and good fun—of the "oriental" variety. Somehow it doesn't pall when played by this band.

BRUN. 3091.—*Flamin' Mamie* (V.) and *Chinky Butterfly* (Mike Markel's Orchestra). There is no need to apologise for listing here another version of *Chinky Butterfly* because it is a record—particularly for those who want in the first place to use it for dancing—that it would be sheer bad luck to miss. *Flamin' Mamie* is rather trying; we know her so well!

BRUN. 3097.—*Drifting and Dreaming* (V.) and *When the Autumn leaves are falling* (Jack Denny and his Orchestra). This is a band with which I am not familiar; but I am glad to make its acquaintance. Another really loud record.

ZONO. 2751.—*Dreaming of a castle in the air* and *Oh! Miss Hannah!* (Bert Firman's Dance Orchestra).

ZONO. 2752.—*Pretending* (V.) and *Two little cups and saucers*. (Bert Firman's Dance Orchestra).

REGAL. G.8612.—*So am I* and *Hang on to me* (from *Lady, be Good*), by the Raymond Dance Band). The second is a better tune than the first, but *Lady, be Good* disappoints me.

REGAL. G.8577.—*In the gloaming of Wyoming* and *Behind the clouds* (the Raymond Dance Band).

REGAL. G.8600.—*Thanks for the buggy ride* (V.) and *Kentucky's way of sayin' good mornin'* (the Corona Dance Orchestra).

REGAL. G.8599.—*Drifting apart* and *Mysterious Eyes* (the Corona Dance Orchestra).

REGAL. G.8598.—*The prisoner's song* (V.) (the Raymond Dance Band) and see "Waltzes." A tune which is much above the average.

REGAL. G.8591.—*Memphis blues* and *Twelfth Street Rag* (ukulele solos by Honey Duke and his Uke).

H.M.V. B.5059.—*When I said good-bye to Maryland* (V.) and *Oh! that sweetie* (Jack Hylton and his Orchestra). Good volume.

H.M.V. B.5061.—*Lonesome and sorry* (Savoy Orpheans) and see "One-steps."

H.M.V. B.5055.—*Oh, Miss Hannah!* and *Pretty little baby* (Jack Hylton and his Orchestra). Fine playing, which is rather wasted on the tunes.

H.M.V. B.5048.—*Silver Head* (Jack Shilkret's Orchestra) and *She was just a sailor's sweetheart* (V.) (George Olsen and his Music).

VOC. X.9797.—*Don't wake me up* (Riverside Dance Band) and see "One-steps."

ACO. G.15974.—*Some other bird whistled a tune* (V.) and *A heart to let* (V.) (Jeffries and his Rialto Orchestra).

ACO. G.15973.—*The Piccadilly strut* (V.) and *I'd rather Charleston* (from *Lady, be Good*, by Jeffries and his Rialto Orchestra).

ACO. G.15975.—*Just a little thing called rhythm* (Jeffries and his Rialto Orchestra) and see "Waltzes."

PARLO. E.5579.—*After I say I'm sorry* and *Pretty little baby* (The Melody Sheiks). This band plays annoyingly fast, but with undeniably good rhythm.

PARLO. E.5578.—*That certain party* (V.) (the Goofus Five) and *Then I'll be happy* (the Red Hotters). The Red Hotters have better tricks than most bands, but why tricks at all now that we know what can be done with "jazz" instruments?

PARLO. E.5590.—*Hang on to me* and *So am I* (both from *Lady, be Good* and played by Ronnie Munro and his Dance Orchestra). The band makes the most of a bad job.

PARLO. E.5591.—*Say it when you get the chance* and *Crossword Puzzles* (Ronnie Munro and his Dance Orchestra).

PARLO. E.5593.—*When Autumn leaves are falling* (V.) and *I'm as blue as the blue grass in Kentucky* (V.) (Merritt Brunie's Orchestra).

PARLO. E.5592.—*Thanks for the buggy ride* (V.) (the Jazz Pilots) and *Dorothy* (V.) (Vincent Lopez and his Orchestra). When are we to hear the real Vincent Lopez again?

PARLO. E.5595.—*The roses brought me you* (V.) (Emerson Gill and his Castle of Paris Orchestra) and *Nobody's rose* (Jack Lynx and his Society Sorenaders).

H.M.V. B.5065.—*No more worryin'* (V.) and *Bell hoppin' blues* (Paul Whiteman and Orchestra). Disappointing, but with occasional glimpses of genius.

H.M.V. B.5062.—*Tamiami Trail* and *Dreaming of a castle in the air* (Savoy Orpheans). Both tunes are played with splendid verve and are recorded with perfect definition.

H.M.V. B.5064.—*Georgianna* (V.) and *There's a boatman on the Volga* (Paul Whiteman and Orchestra). This is more like the old Paul Whiteman, but what a tune the first is! This is virtuosity almost *ad absurdum*. The second tune is better, but marred by an appalling voice.

BEL. 1000.—*Just a little thing called rhythm* and *I'd rather Charleston* (Premier Dance Orchestra).

BEL. 999.—*Tenting down in Tennessee* (V.) and *Lo-Nah* (V.) (Palm Beach Players).

BEL. 992.—*Dinah* (V.) (American Dance Orchestra) and see "One-steps." A good cheap record of *Dinah*—quite an old friend now—with a cleverly sung vocal part.

BRUN. 3082.—*Bell Hoppin' blues* and *The roses brought me you* (V.) (Ben Bernie and his Hotel Roosevelt Orchestra). The first has a clever piano part; both are loud—almost strident—but excellent for dancing.

BRUN. 3077.—*Wait 'till to-morrow night* (V.) and *Blinky moon-Bay* (V.) (The Volunteer Firemen). Again excellent volume and rhythm, but poor tunes. The second is played in medium time.

BRUN. 3070.—*Tenderly* (V.) and *Let's talk about my sweetie* (V.) (Abe Lyman's California Orchestra). Loud (with all its connotations).

BRUN. 3069.—*After I say I'm sorry* (V.) and *Shake that thing* (Abe Lyman's California Orchestra).

BRUN. 3064.—*The village blacksmith owns the villag now* (V.) and *Charleston Ball* (the Six Jumping Jacks). Loud, rhythmical and rather fast.

BRUN. 3029.—*Don't be a fool* and *Hot coffee* (Bennie Krueger's Orchestra). Both have good rhythm. The second is played fairly slowly.

H.M.V. B.5043.—*I want somebody to cheer me up* and *Roll 'em girls* (V.) (Jack Shilkret's Orchestra).

BEL. 1001.—*Some other bird whistled a tune* (V.) (Avenue Dance Orchestra) and see "Waltzes."

PARLO. E.5594.—*Love bound* (the Red Hotters) and see "Waltzes." Played with verve.

- ACO. G.15998.—**Thanks for the buggy ride* (V.) (the Royal Troubadours) and ***Lulu Belle* (V.) (Murray's Green Gables Orchestra).
- ACO. G.15993.—**Dreamy Monterey* (V.) and ***Betty* (Jeffries and his Rialto Orchestra). *Betty* is pleasantly restrained and quietish.
- ACO. G.15992.—**Here comes Malinda* (V.) and ***Oh, Miss Hannah* (Jeffries and his Rialto Orchestra).
- VOC. X.9812.—***Wait 'til to-morrow night* and **Wandering on to Avalon* (V.) (Billy Mayerl and his Orchestra).
- VOC. X.9809.—***Good-night* (V.) and ***Horses* (V.) (Don Parker and his Band). Both tunes are above the average, the second having a most amusing chorus.
- VOC. X.9810.—***Just a cottage small* (V.) and **Static Strut* (Don Parker and his Band).
- H.M.V. B.5066.—**What's the good of leaving the dear old home* (V.) and ***In my gondola* (Savoy Orpheans).
- H.M.V. B.5068.—***Somebody's crazy about you* (Savoy Orpheans) and **In the gloaming of Wyoming* (Savoy Havana Band).
- H.M.V. 5070.—***Horses* (George Olsen and his Music) and ***On a night like this* (Howard Lanin and his Benjamin Hotel Orchestra).
- H.M.V. B.5067.—***Pretending* (V.) and ***Pearl of Malabar* (V.) (Savoy Orpheans). The choruses are deserving of mention.
- REGAL. G.8628.—**Good-night* (V.) and *Say it again* (V.) (Corona Dance Orchestra).
- COL. 3993.—***Rose of St. Mary's* and **Surabaya Maid* (Bert Ralton and his Havana Band). I am prejudiced against bells, but must confess that the first of these tunes is distinctly good. It is loud also.
- COL. 3994.—**Dreamy Monterey* and **I'm still in love with you* (V.) (Jay Whidden and his New Midnight Follies Band).
- REGAL. G.8617.—**You've got those wanna-go-back-again eyes* (V.) (the Raymond Dance Band) and see "Waltzes."
- REGAL. G.8618.—*Wait till to-morrow night* (the Raymond Dance Band) and see "One-steps."
- VOC. X.9811.—**She's got forget-me-not eyes* (V.) (Billy Mayerl and his Orchestra) and see "Waltzes."
- ACO. G.15991.—***Pearl of Malabar* (V.) (Jeffries and his Rialto Orchestra) and see "Waltzes." A cheap record.
- ACO. G.15994.—**Dinah* (V.) (Bailey's Lucky Seven) and see "Waltzes." *Dinah* is one of those tunes that improves on closer acquaintance.

WALTZES

- BRUN. 3063.—*All that she is, Is an old-fashioned girl* (V.) and ***Truly I do* (V.) (Regent Club Orchestra). The first is quite a pretty tune and well played with good rhythm; the second is perhaps a trifle over-sentimentalised.
- VOC. X.9813.—*Let us waltz as we say Good-bye* (the Mayfair Trio) and see "Tangos." Quiet, exquisitely played, and without a trace of sentimentality.
- PARLO. E.10456 (12in.).—*Joy of Life—Parts 1 and 2* (Marek Weber and his Famous Orchestra). All that one need say is: "Another M.W., and up to standard." He is quite inimitable, although not for everyone perhaps, as his records are sometimes too quiet for dancing.
- BEL. 1001.—***Always* (V.) (Virginia Dance Orchestra) and see "Fox-trots." Comparatively quiet, but tastefully played. A contrast to the Brunswick record.
- PARLO. 5594.—***I want you to want me to want you* (the Yellow Jackets) and see "Fox-trots." This is notable for being labelled a "Charleston Waltz"; it certainly has quite effective and novel rhythm.
- REGAL. G.8598.—***Always* (V.) (the Raymond Dance Band) and see "Fox-trots." Comparable to the Beltona record of the same tune as a good bargain.

- REGAL. G.8590.—*Venetian Isles* and *Honeymoon* (steel guitar novelty with guitar accompaniment).
- VOC. X.9795.—*I'd love to live in loveland with a girl like you* (V.) and *Meet me to-night in Dreamland* (Miami Marimba Band).

- ACO. G.15975.—**One stolen kiss* (V.) (Jeffries and his Rialto Orchestra) and see "Fox-trots."
- BRUN. 3090.—**The sympathy waltz* (V.) and **Always* (V.) (Regent Club Orchestra). This orchestra shows up well with waltzes.
- REGAL. G.8617.—**My Irish home sweet home* (the Raymond Dance Band) and see "Waltzes."
- H.M.V. B.5069.—**A night of love* (Goodrich Silvertown Cord Orchestra) and see "Fox-trots."
- VOC. X.9811.—**Do you forget?* (Billy Mayerl and his Orchestra) and see "Fox-trots."
- ACO. G.15991.—**Say that you love me* (Jeffries and his Rialto Orchestra) and see "Fox-trots."
- ACO. G.15994.—**Always* (V.) (Miami Beach Players) and see "Fox-trots."

ONE-STEPS

- H.M.V. B.5061.—*Bobadilla* (V.) (Savoy Orpheans) and see "Fox-trots." Everyone is Bobadilla-ing, but not everyone can Bobadilla like this. This is a splendid record of a delightful tune. It certainly could not be played better whatever anyone may say about Spanish one-steps; all that one can say is that it would be just "different."
- VOC. X.9792.—***Picador* (V.) and ***Bobadilla* (V.) (Don Parker and his Band). Here we have two of the present "all the rage" 's side by side; both very well played.
- PARLO. E.10450 (12in.).—***Valencia* (the Merton Orchestra) and see "Paso-Doble." Another of what has become almost a bothersome old friend; but we like his intrusiveness, especially when he presents himself so well dressed.

- VOC. X.9797.—**Barcelona* (V.) (Don Parker and his Band) and see "Fox-trots."
- ACO. G.15976.—**Barcelona* (V.) and **Bobadilla* (V.) (Harry Bidgood's Dance Orchestra).
- BEL. 992.—**Bobadilla* (V.) (Cosmopolitan Dance Orchestra) and see "Fox-trots."
- REGAL. G.8618.—**Bobadilla* (Raymond Dance Band) and see "Fox-trots."

PASO-DOBLE

- PARLO.—E.10450 (12 in.).—*El Relicario* (Marek Weber and his Famous Orchestra) and see "One-steps." First rate; it surpasses almost everything else both in playing and in composition.

TANGOS

- H.M.V. B.5060.—***Mi Miña* and ***Anita* (Rio Grande Tango Band). It is difficult to define the charm of these tunes; but it is delightful to accept it as a gift.
- H.M.V. B.5058.—***Coquito* and ***La Parisienne* (V.) (Savoy Tango Orchestra). *Coquito* has slightly different rhythm from the above and is played slowly.
- VOC. X.9813.—**Nubes de Humo* (the Alonzo Orchestra) and see "Waltzes." A French tango played very quickly.

For some reason most of the new Columbias have slipped us this month—which is regrettable, as it looks as if we have missed good fun. Among others there is a new "Denza" and two new Percival Mackey's (3962, 3992).

N.B.—In the above lists the titles of the best records are printed in heavy type (Clarendon), the rest in *italics*; the titles printed above the line only in the list of each dance being in order of merit. Asterisks have been used as an additional aid in pointing out comparative merit either of the tunes or of the bands that play them.

When only one band is mentioned in describing a record it means that both tunes are played by the same band. (V.) after the name of a tune indicates that there is a vocal chorus of some kind or other. All records are 10in. unless otherwise described. The abbreviations of makers' names are obvious.

The prices of the records in the lists are as follows: Aco.: 10in., 2s. 6d. Beltona: 10in., 2s. 6d. Brunswick: 10in., 3s. Columbia: 10in., 3s. H.M.V.: 10in., 3s. Parlophone: 12in. 4s. 6d.; 10in., 2s. 6d. Regal: 10in., 2s. 6d. Vocalion: 10in., 3s.

MISCELLANEOUS

Nine shillings is rather a lot to pay for a selection from *The Waltz Dream*, but the **Edith Lorand Orchestra** is at its very best in playing the ever fresh melodies of Oscar Strauss on Parlo. E.10447, 10448 (4s. 6d. each), and the fourth side contains a typical intermezzo called *Vienna Breezes* by **Jean Gilbert**. *Grandmother's Idyll* and *Fireside Romance* (Parlo. E.5596, 2s. 6d.) is less attractive. The **Salon Orchestra**, which is led, I believe, by Nathaniel Shilkret, is good enough for anyone in two of the tunes of the moment (H.M.V., B.2311, 3s.); and I am glad at last to be able to recommend two records by **Moschetto and His Orchestra** without reserve. On Voc. X.9788 (3s.) he gives two favourite songs, *Mattinata* and *Obstination*; and on Voc. X.9804 (3s.) a *Chanson et Danse* by Serrano, and the charming *La Fille aux Cheveux de Lin* from Debussy's *Preludes* (first set), hitherto only recorded, I think, by Cortot. An unpretentious record of *Anitra's Dance* from *Peer Gynt* and of the *Ballet Music* from *William Tell*, very neatly played by the **Grosvenor Orchestra**, is worth noting (Aco. G.15986, 2s. 6d.). Needless to say, there are plenty of selections from *Lady, be good*; for instance, by the **New Regenza Orchestra** on Regal G.8611 (2s. 6d.) and by **Harry Bidgood**, a piano solo, with a selection from *Mercenary Mary* on the back, on Aco G.15982 (2s. 6d.). The **Blackstone Trio** (instrumental) makes a pleasantly unaffected record of *Moon Deer* and *Just a cottage small* on Brunswick 3061 (3s.); the **Kneale Kelley Quartet** (violin, flute, harp and organ) are excellent in *Killarney* and *Sing me to sleep* (Col. 3978, 3s.), and if you want old favourites like this, *Somewhere a voice is calling* and *Absent* on the violin and Mustel organ (Regal G.8604, 2s. 6d.) or Schubert's *Serenade* and Braga's *Angel's Serenade* on violin, organ and piano (Regal G.1026, 4s.), or a really wonderful recording of Järnefelt's *Praeludium* and a *Scotch Fantasia* by the **J.H. Squire Celeste Octet** (Col. 9096, 4s. 6d.) can also be recommended.

Howard Jacobs, that remarkable young saxophonist, is as good as you would expect in the *Berceuse de Jocelyn* (with Carrol Gibbons at the piano) and a *Chaconne* by Durand (with the Savoy Havana Band) on H.M.V., B.2302 (3s.); and lovers of the Irish bagpipes will enjoy *The Portland Reel* and *Billy Taylor's Fancy Hornpipe* as played by **Liam Walsh** on H.M.V., B.2308 (3s.); while **Frank Ferera** repeats his success with electric recordings of his steel guitar in *Lady of Waikiki* and *Always* (Col. 3998, 3s.), and the rhythm of **Gellin and Borgstrom** (accordion duet) in two marches (Regal G.8606, 2s. 6d.) is very notable.

Jack Smith has obliged me this month by giving us *Gimme a little kiss, will ya, huh*, which I asked for, and *Pretty little baby*, which I don't think I particularly wanted (H.M.V., B.2312, 3s.). These songs may not be as good as some of his, but I think they are the best recorded of all, and that is saying a good deal. In the mid-month list he gave the delicious *Poor Papa* and (as seems inevitable) the not quite so good *Don't be a fool, you fool* (H.M.V. B.2310, 3s.). I am confirmed by friends in my impression that Jack Smith on his records is at his best; and he is easily the king in his little realm at present. How crude, for instance, **Fred Douglas** (Regal G.8615, 2s. 6d.) and **Buddy Lee** (Voc. X.9791, 3s.) and **Esther Walker** (Brunswick 3008 and 3020, 3s. each) sound in his songs. Yet, with Rube Bloom at the piano the last might have made a hit with her racy style and strange habit of humming between verses, if she did not challenge comparison. On the other hand, **Nick Lucas** (new recording?) has, to my taste, made his best record of all in two oldish songs, *Whose who are you?* and *A cup of coffee* (Brunswick 3052, 3s.). If you want something quiet and yet full of life, try this. The **Revellers**, as usual, are first-rate in *Every Sunday Afternoon* and *Just a Bundle of Sunshine* (H.M.V., B.2304, 3s.).

Just a cottage small is the tune of the moment, and is admirably sung by—ahem—**John McCormack** (H.M.V., D.A.765, 6s.), more loudly by **Bruce Wallace** (Parlo. E.5599, 2s. 6d.), more gently by **Michael Mortimer** (Col. 3996, 3s.), not to mention **Kitty Reidy** (Voc. 9807, 3s.), and the little orchestras. It hardly deserves so much attention.

Billy Desmond must be noted on Aco G.15989 (2s. 6d.) in a solo and a duet; and **Scovell and Wheldon** (Parlo. E.5589, 2s. 6d.) are only equalled in their genre by **Nickolds and Howe**, who have found a capital song in *The mule with the two long ears* (Aco G.15972, 2s. 6d.). **Sir Harry Lauder** repeats *I've loved her since she was a baby* on H.M.V., D.1100 (4s. 6d.), but, unlike the Zonophone version, it is coupled with *It's nicer to be in bed*, which must always be a favourite. I am rather glad that I was stuffy about **The Happiness Boys** last month as the same songs now appear on Regal G.8609 (2s. 6d.), and, at this price, *What, no women?* and *The village blacksmith owns the village now*, are worth getting. But why this bewildering duplication? PEPPERING.

NEW-POOR RECORDS

(Machine used, Peridulce Cabinet; sound-box, Peridulce; needles, Euphonic.)

LATE for press last month, the result is a splendid budget now. Space will not allow me to say much about individual records, but every record mentioned deserves considerable commendation, and those starred should be read as the ultimate selection for small collections.

ACO.—CONTRALTO: **The Hazel Tree*, sung by Elsie Fisher (2s. 6d.). **BARITONE:** **The Song of the North Wind*, sung by John Thorne (2s. 6d.). **ORCHESTRAL (LIGHT):** *La Source, Ballet Suite*, Delibes (2s. 6d.). **POPULAR SONG:** **Dreaming of a Castle in the Air*, sung by Billy Desmond (2s. 6d.).

BELTONA.—ORCHESTRAL SELECTION: **The Student Prince*, a perfect instrumental balance, including the tone of the kettle-drums and the harp (2s. 6d.). **ORCHESTRAL:** *Ballet Music, Faust* (2s. 6d.). **VIOLIN AND PIANO WALTZ:** **Prisoner's Song* (2s. 6d.). **POPULAR SONG:** **Indian Love Call* (2s. 6d.). **BASS:** **All through the Night* (2s. 6d.). **MILITARY BAND ARRANGEMENT:** **Soldiers' Chorus*, from *Faust* (2s. 6d.).

HOMOCHORD.—VIOLIN AND PIANO: **Scherzo Tarantelle*, played by Solloway (4s.). **PIANOFORTE:** **Schubert's Marche Militaire*, played by Sirota (4s.). **TANGOS:** There are three discs of these magnificent new recordings, I would not miss one of them, but I think the best is **Sentimento Gaucho* (2s. 6d.). **GRAND ORGAN:** A set of one 12in. and three 10in. discs, all of them as well recorded as anything yet produced: **Finlandia* (4s.), *Evensong* (2s. 6d.), **Melody in A* (2s. 6d.), *Jesus shall Reign* (2s. 6d.).

IMPERIAL.—Teddy Brown's Café de Paris Dance Orchestra recordings are very popular now; they show brilliant xylophone work. The one I like best is **Then I'll be happy* (2s.).

PARLOPHONE.—A glorious SOPRANO record, Emmy Bettendorf sings some **Un Ballo in Maschera* music (4s. 6d.). **Edith Lorand's LIGHT ORCHESTRA** plays Bruno Lülting's *Indian Suite* in a dreamy way (4s. 6d.). **FULL ORCHESTRA:** **Preciosa Overture*, Weber (4s. 6d.). **WALTZ:** Marek Weber plays Johann Strauss' **Pester Waltz* (4s. 6d.). **JAZZ:** Vincent Lopez plays **Always Waltz* (2s. 6d.) and *Moon Deer*, fox-trot (2s. 6d.).

REGAL.—Two splendid SACRED numbers: **Jerusalem the Golden*, sung by a vocal quartet (2s. 6d.) and **O Jesus I have Promised* (2s. 6d.), sung by church choir with organ accompaniment.

VELVET FACE.—2 LO MILITARY BAND (with kettle-drums) gives us a grand new recording of **L'Apprenti Sorcier* (4s.), weird music. **Margate Municipal ORCHESTRA** plays Elgar's *Cockaigne* (4s.) and **Light Cavalry* (2s. 6d.). **SOPRANO:** Miss Gwladys Naish is entirely perfect and also charming in **Caro Nome* (4s.).

* * *

LINGUAPHONE RECORDS.—I have had an opportunity for examining fully this system for teaching one to speak foreign languages with a correct pronunciation. In this imperfect world I never should have expected to find anything so completely perfect. Not only must one learn the language easily and pleasurably, acquiring a correct pronunciation, but in the advanced courses one can hardly avoid learning elocution also; the advanced French course in particular being an exquisite thing in this respect. Through the whole series the fidelity of the recording is extraordinary and if the amplification of vowel tone is not too great, the purity and vigour of the consonants is wonderful, the *s* and the *ch* being clear and well differentiated and even the soft consonant sounds of the Spanish language coming out quite purely.

A large gramophone is not by any means necessary for rendering these records, but the acoustic system should be as pure as possible, otherwise the vowel tones will be rendered more acute than they are in truth. A good mica sound-box will not hurt the sound of these records as badly as it will do in the case of musical ones. But to get clear consonants one must use a fine steel needle.

Apart altogether from learning languages, I can conceive no greater pleasure to be derived from his gramophone by any lover of the French language, than to hear M. Louis Bourgeoise's declamation of the series of recitations constituting the advanced French course. These double-sided 12in. records can be obtained separately at 8s. 6d. each. I like **Phédre* the best. H. T. B.

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You've got those wanna go back again Blues (Roy Turk and Lou Handman).

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Pomp and Circumstance (Edward Elgar). March.

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GREENING'S DANCE ORCHESTRA.

- 1594 { My Irish Home Sweet Home (Hanley and Swain). Waltz. (Vocal
Chorus, Guy Victor.)
Speak (H. Nicholls). Waltz. (Vocal Chorus, Guy Victor.)
1593 { Who Loved You Best. Fox Trot. (Vocal Chorus, L. Rothery.)
You've got those wanna go back again Blues (Roy Turk and
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Two little Cups and Saucers (F. J. Alwyn and Maurice Scott).
Fox Trot. (Vocal Chorus, Guy Victor.)
1591 { Hang on to Me (from "Lady, be Good") (George and Ira Gershwin).
Fox Trot. (Vocal Chorus, Guy Victor.)
So am I (from "Lady, be Good") (George Gershwin). Fox Trot.

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TRANSLATIONS

(Contributed by H. F. V. LITTLE)

TOM DER REIMER

(Loewe.)

Knüpfer, H.M.V., D.807, 12in., d.s., black.
Scheidl, Polydor, 62301, 10in., d.s., black.
Slezak, Polydor, 62431, 10in., d.s., black.

Der Reimer Thomas lag am Bach,
Thomas the Rhymer lay by a stream
Am Kiesel Bach bei Huntley Schloss;
Rushing over the pebbles, near Huntley Castle;
Da sah er eine blonde Frau,
There he espied a fair lady
Die sass auf einem weissen Ross.
Who was seated upon a white horse.
Sie sass auf einem weissen Ross,
She was seated upon a white horse,
Die Mähne war geflochten fein,
Its mane was finely plaited
Und hell am jeder Flechte hing
And gaily dangled from each plait
:| Ein silberblankes Glöcklein. |:
A little shining silver bell.
Und Tom der Reimer zog den Hut,
And Tom the Rhymer doffed his hat,
Und fiels auf Knie er grüsst und spricht:
Fell on his knee and greeted her; said he
"Du bist die Himmelskönigin,
Thou art the Queen of Heaven,
Du bist von dieser Erde nicht!"
Thou art not of this earth!"
Die blonde Frau hält an ihr Ross;
The fair rider halted;
"Ich will dir sagen wer ich bin;
"I will tell thee who I am;
Ich bin die Himmels Jungfrau nicht,
I am not a maiden from Heaven,
Ich bin die Elfenkönigin!
I am the Fairy Queen!
Nimm' deine Harf' und spiel' und sing',
Take up thy harp and play and sing,
Und lass dein bestes Lied erschall'n;
And let thy choicest song resound;
Doch wenn du meine Lippe küsst,
But, if thou dost kiss my lips,
Bist du mir sieben Jahr verfall'n!"
Thou'rt bound to me for seven years!"
"Wohl sieben Jahr, o Königin,
"Oh, Fairy Queen, for seven years
Zu dienen dir es schreckt mich kaum!"
To serve thee scares me not a whit!"
Er küsste sie, sie küsste ihn,
He kissed her, she kissed him,
:| Ein Vogel sang im Eschenbaum. |:
A bird sang in the ash-tree.
"Nun bist du mein, nun zieh' mit mir,
"Now thou art mine, come now with me,
:| Nun bist du mein auf sieben Jahr! |:
Now thou art mine for seven years!"
Sie ritten durch den grünen Wald;
They rode through the woodland green;
:| Wie glücklich da der Reimer war! |:
How happy the Rhymer was then!

Sie ritten durch den grünen Wald,
They rode through the woodland green,
Bei Vogelsang und Sonnenschein;
The birds were singing, the sun was shining;
Und wenn sie leis' am Zügel zog,
And whene'er she lightly pulled the reins,
:| So klangen hell die Glöcklein. |:
Gaily the little bells jingled.

AUF FLÜGELN DES GESANGES (On Wings of Song)

Poem by Heine.

Music by Mendelssohn.

Cruickshank, Voc. X.9694, 10in., blue (III, 446).
Culp, Scala, 4008, 12in. (I, 163).
de Reszke Singers, H.M.V., E.353, 10in., d.s., black.
Hempel, H.M.V., D.A.382, 10in., d.s., red (III, 65, 378).
Oegin, Bruns. 10213, 10in., d.s., violet (III, 579).

Auf Flügeln des Gesanges,
On wings of song,
Herzliebchen, trag' ich dich fort,
Dear heart, I'll bear thee away,
Fort nach den Fluren des Ganges;
Away to meads by the Ganges;
Dort weiss ich den schönsten Ort.
I know there the fairest spot.
Dort liegt ein rotblühender Garten
There lieth a rich blooming garden
Im stillen Mondenschein;
In the peaceful moonlight;
:| Die Lotusblumen erwarten
The lotus-flowers are awaiting
Ihr trautes Schwesterlein. |:
Their dear, sweet sister.
Die Veilchen kichern und kosen
Violets fondly titter and prattle
Und schau'n nach den Sternen empor;
And gaze at the stars above;
Heimlich erzählen die Rosen
Roses pour their fragrant stories
Sich duftende Märchen ins Ohr.
Secretly in each other's ears.
Es hüpfen herbei und lauschen
Nearby, skipping and watching,
Die frommen, klugen Gazell'n;
Are gentle, prudent gazelles;
:| Und in der Ferne rauschen
And in the distance murmur
Des heiligen Stromes Well'n. |:
The waves of the sacred stream.
Dort wollen wir niedersinken
There we will sink down
Unter dem Palmenbaum,
Beneath a palm
Und Lieb' und Ruhe trinken
And drink of love and peace
:| Und träumen seligen Traum, :
And dream a blissful dream.
Seligen Traum.

GEBET (ARIE) DER AGATHE — Agatha's Prayer

(Wie nahte mir der Schlummer; Leise, leise, fromme Weise; Alles pflegt schon längst der Ruh'; All' meine Pulse schlagen; Piano, piano, canto pio; Softly sighs the voice of evening.)

(Der Freischütz—Weber.)

- *Austral, H.M.V., D.775, 12in., d.s., black (IV, 15.)
- Bettendorf, Polydor, 15924, 12in., d.s., green.
- Destinn, Odeon, R.X.64842, d.s., 10 $\frac{3}{4}$ in.; *H.M.V., D.B.399, 12in., d.s., red.
- *Dux, Polydor, 72889, 12in., d.s., red (IV, 15.)
- Hafgren-Dinkela, Polydor, 65608, 12in., d.s., black (IV, 15.)
- Jeritza, Odeon, R.X.X.76365, 12in., d.s.
- Lehmann, Polydor, 72904, 12in., d.s., red.
- Müller-Rudolph, Polydor, 15939, 12in., d.s., green (IV, 15.)
- *Reinhardt, Polydor, 72787, 12in., d.s., red (IV, 15.)

* These records do not give the complete aria.

Wie nahte mir der Schlummer bevor ich ihn geseh'n?
How could sleep come to me ere I had seen him?

Ja, Liebe pflegt mit Kummer stets Hand in Hand zu geh'n.
Yes, love with sorrow hand in hand is ever wont to go.

Ob Mond auf seinem Pfad wohl lacht?—
Is the moon, I wonder, shining on his path?—

Wie schön die Nacht!—
How beautiful the night!—

Leise, leise, fromme Weise,
Softly, softly, holy melody,

Schwing' dich auf zum Sternenkreise.
Rise to the starry vault.

Lied, erschalle! Feiernd walle
Oh, song, resound! Solemnly bear

Mein Gebet zur Himmelshalle—
My prayer to Heaven's throne—

O wie hell die gold'nen Sterne!
Oh, how bright the golden stars!

Mit wie reinem Glanz' sie glüh'n!
How they gleam, how pure their light!

Nur dort in der Berge Ferne,
But in yonder distant mountains

Scheint ein Wetter aufzuzieh'n.
A storm seems to be threatening;

Dort am Wald' auch schwebt ein Heer
And o'er the wood it is dull and heavy,

Dunk'ler Wolken, dampf und schwer—
With dark clouds overcast—

Zu dir wende ich die Hände,
I clasp my hands and turn to Thee,

Herr ohn' Anfang und ohn' Ende!
God without beginning, God without end!

Vor Gefahren uns zu wahren,
To shelter us from danger,

Sende deine Engelscharen!—
Oh, send Thine angel hosts!—

Alles pflegt schon längst der Ruh';
All have long since gone to rest;

Trauter Freund', wo weilst du?
Dear love, where do you linger?

Ob mein Ohr auch eifrig lauscht,
Intently though I listen,

Nur der Tannen Wipfel rauscht,
Only the branches of the pines are stirring

Nur das Birkenlaub im Hain
And the birch leaves in the copse

Flüstert durch die hehre Stille;
Whispering through the glorious silence;

Nur die Nachtigall und Grille
None but the nightingale and cricket

Scheint der Nachtluft sich zu freu'n—
In the night air seem to delight—

Doch wie? täuscht mich nicht mein Ohr?
But what was that? Do my ears deceive me?

Dort klingt's wie Schritte!
It sounded like footsteps there!

Dort aus der Tannen Mitte kommt was hervor!
From the midst of yonder pines someone approaches!

Er ist's! er ist's! die Flagge der Liebe mag weh'n!
'Tis he! 'Tis he! I will wave love's signal!

Dein Mädchen wacht noch in der Nacht!—
Your sweetheart still is watching through the night!—

Er scheint mich noch nicht zu seh'n!—
He does not seem to see me yet!—

Gott, täuscht das Licht des Monds mich nicht,
Heavens, if the moonlight deceives me not,

So schmückt ein Blumenstrauß den Hut!
Round his hat is a garland of flowers!

Gewiss, er hat den besten Schuss getan!
Why, then, he has proved the finest shot!

Das kündigt Glück für morgen an!
It augurs good fortune for to-morrow!

O süsse Hoffnung! neu belebter Mut!—
Oh, sweet hope! new-found courage!—

All' meine Pulse schlagen,
All my pulses are throbbing;

Und das Herz wallt ungestüm,
Filled with sweetest rapture,

:| Süß entzückt entgegen ihm! |:
My wildly beating heart goes out to him!

:| Konnt' ich das zu hoffen wagen? |:
Should I dare to hope it?

Ja, es wandte sich das Glück
Yes, good fortune has smiled

Zu dem teuren Freund zurück:
On my dear love once again;

:| Will sich morgen treu bewähren! |:
It will be true to him to-morrow!

Ist's nicht Täuschung? Ist's nicht Wahn?—
Surely I'm not deceived? Surely 'tis no dream?—

:| Himmel, nimm des Dankes Zähren
Heaven, receive my tears of gratitude

Für dies Pfand der Hoffnung an! |:
For thus reassuring my hopes!

:| All' meine Pulse . . . ungestüm |:
Süß entzückt :| entgegen ihm |:

Süß entzückt entgegen ihm

Süß :| entzückt entgegen ihm |:

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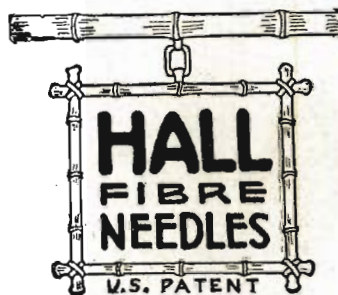
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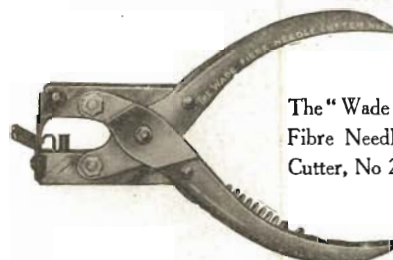


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